741
XVIII. B. 41.
3j

Dr. Arnes Thurie
in Artaxerxes

19980513401
RCMA 4595
D234

THE CELEBRATED OVERTURE TO
ARTAXERXES,
for the Piano Forte or Organ,
COMPOSED BY Dr. ARNE.

Pr. 1.

London, Printed by Keith late Longman & Co. 131 Cheapside. (from 26.)

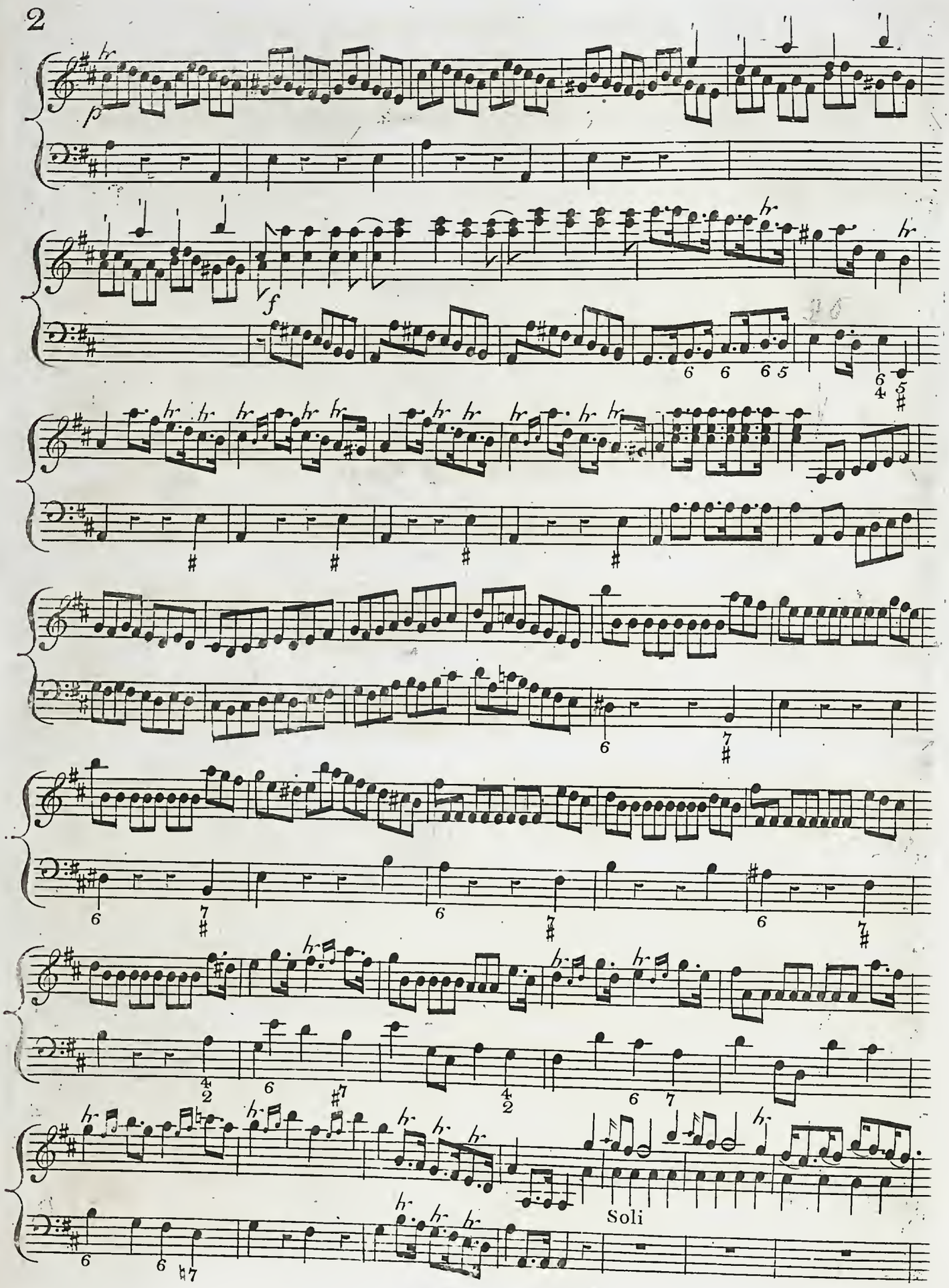
Poco Piu che Andante

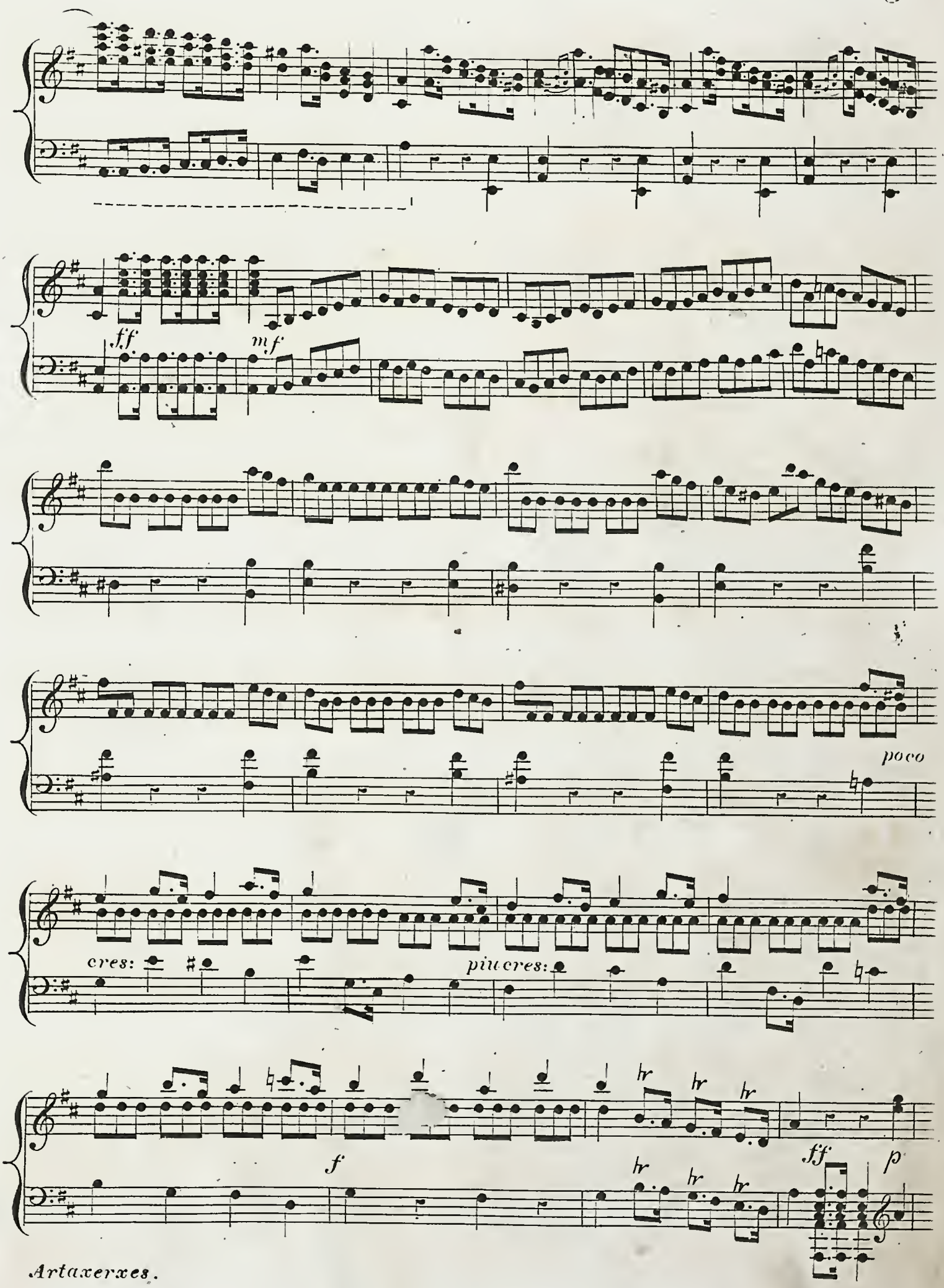
Soli

Tutti

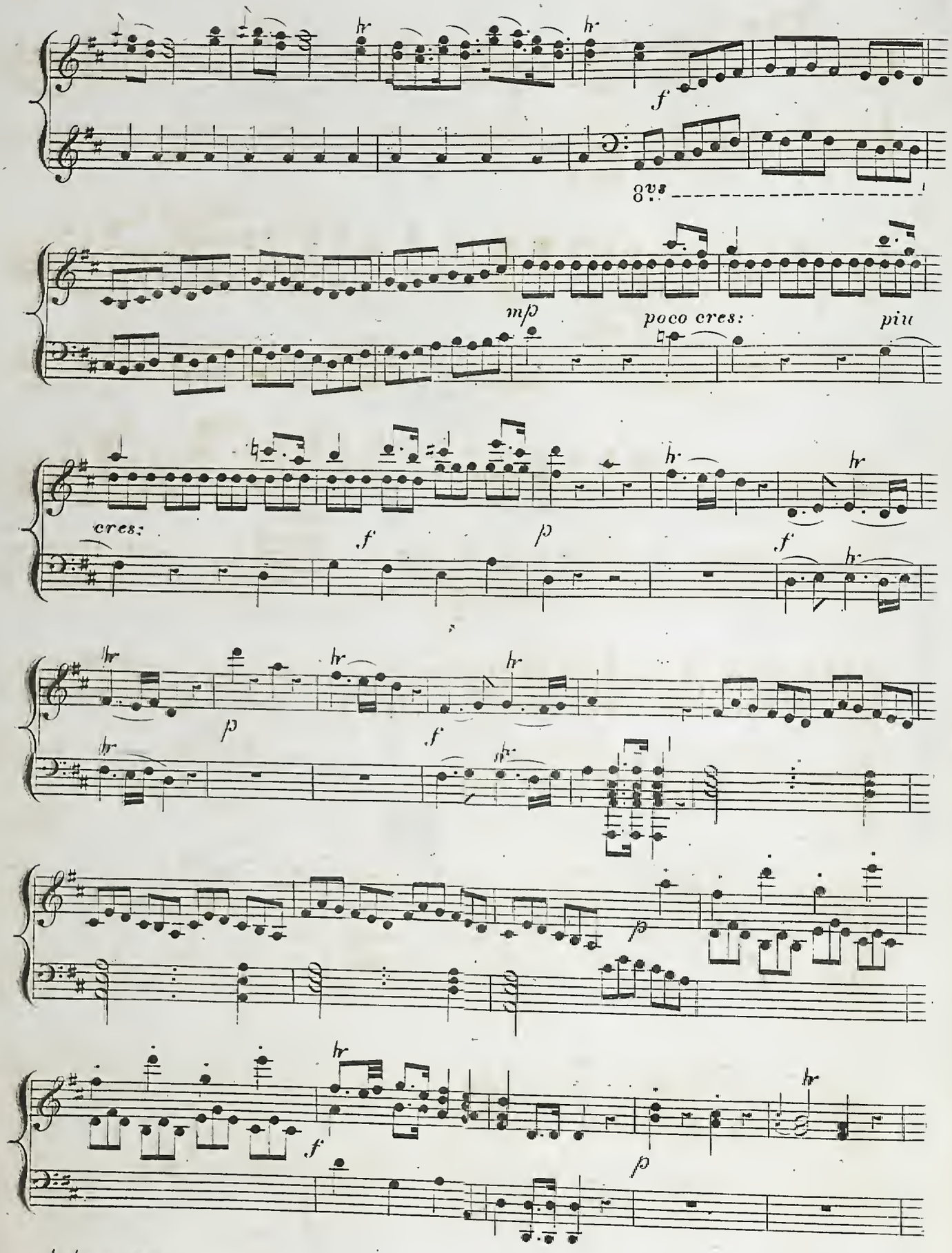
Soli

Tutti

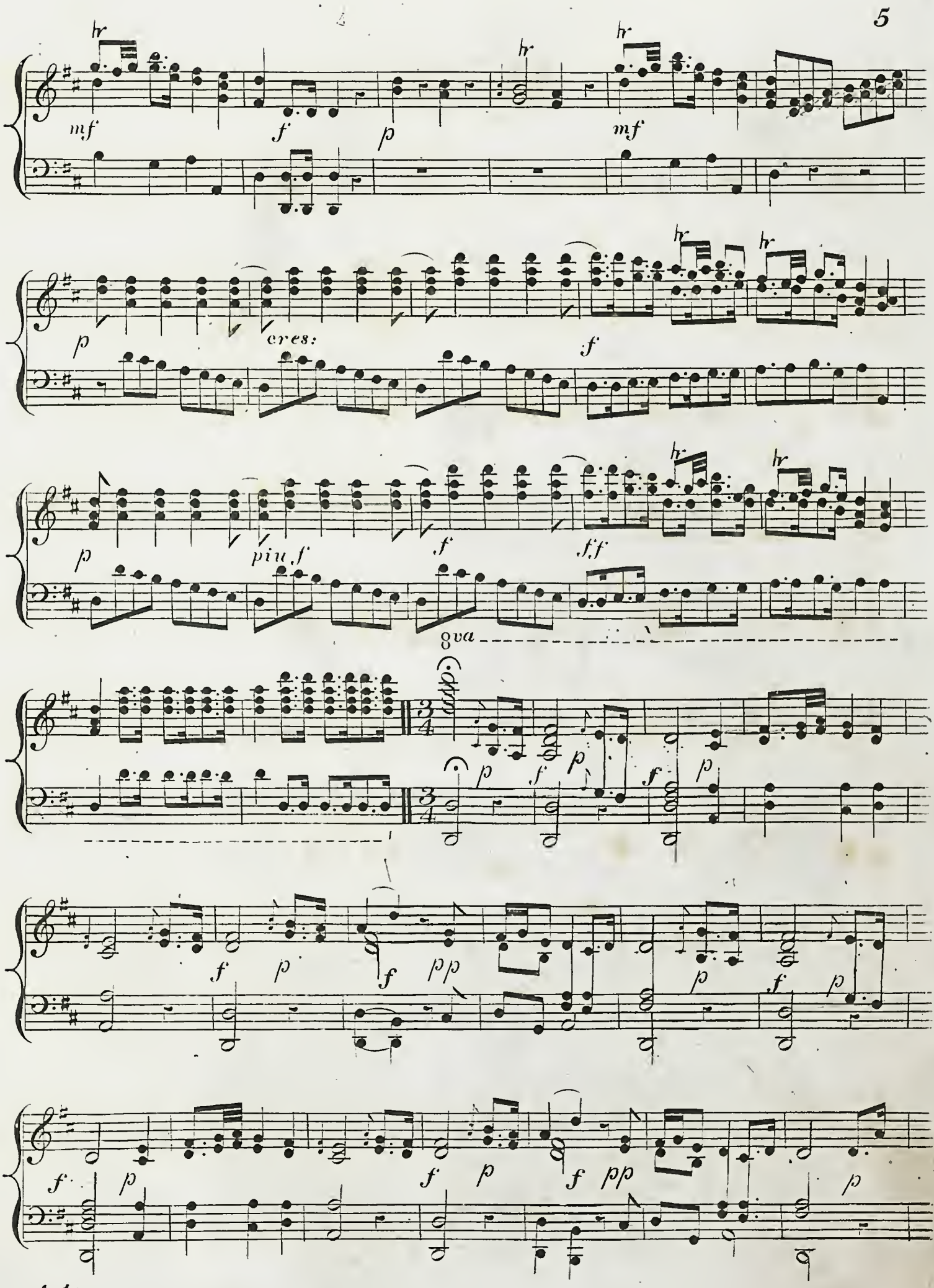

p
f
Soli

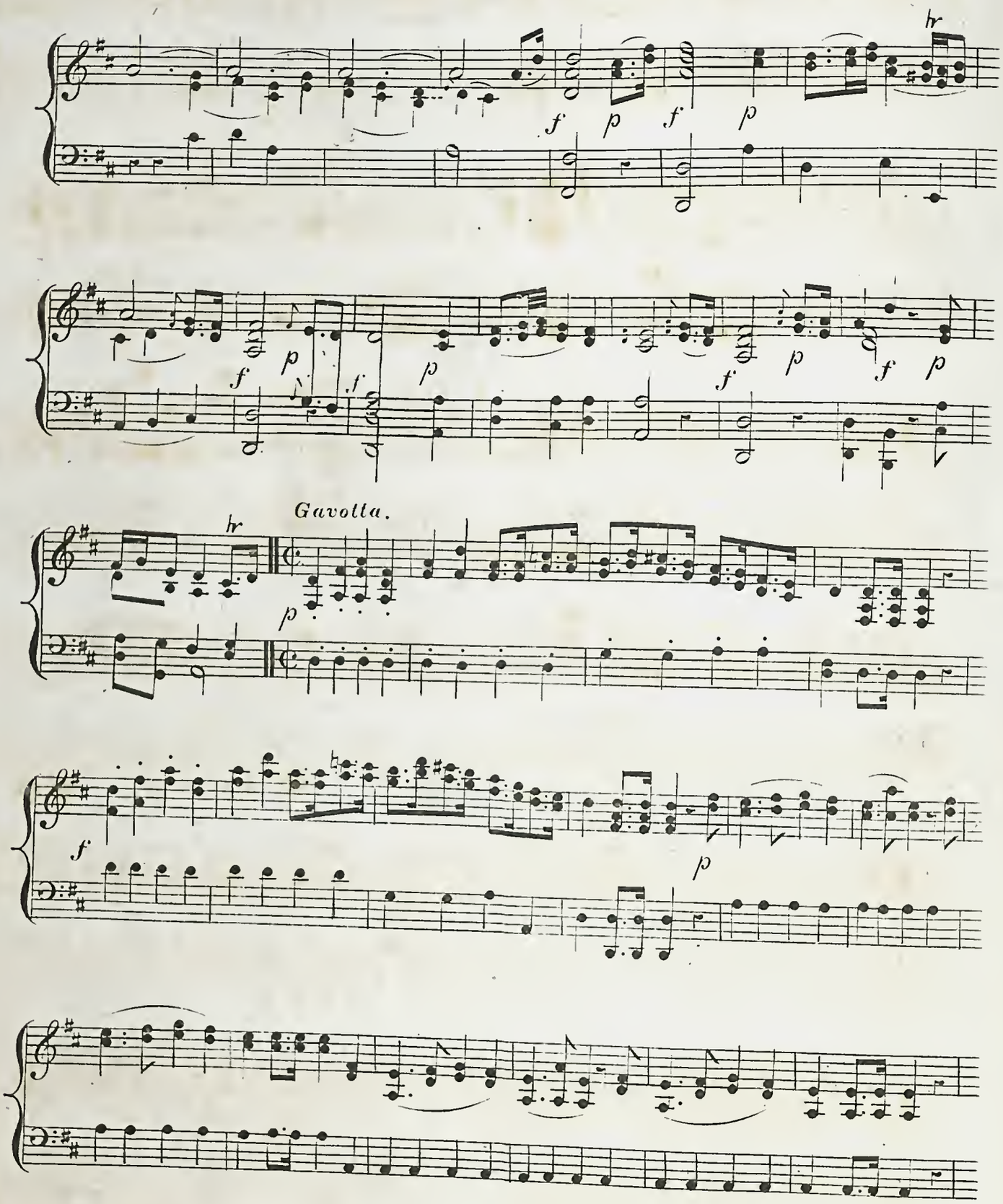


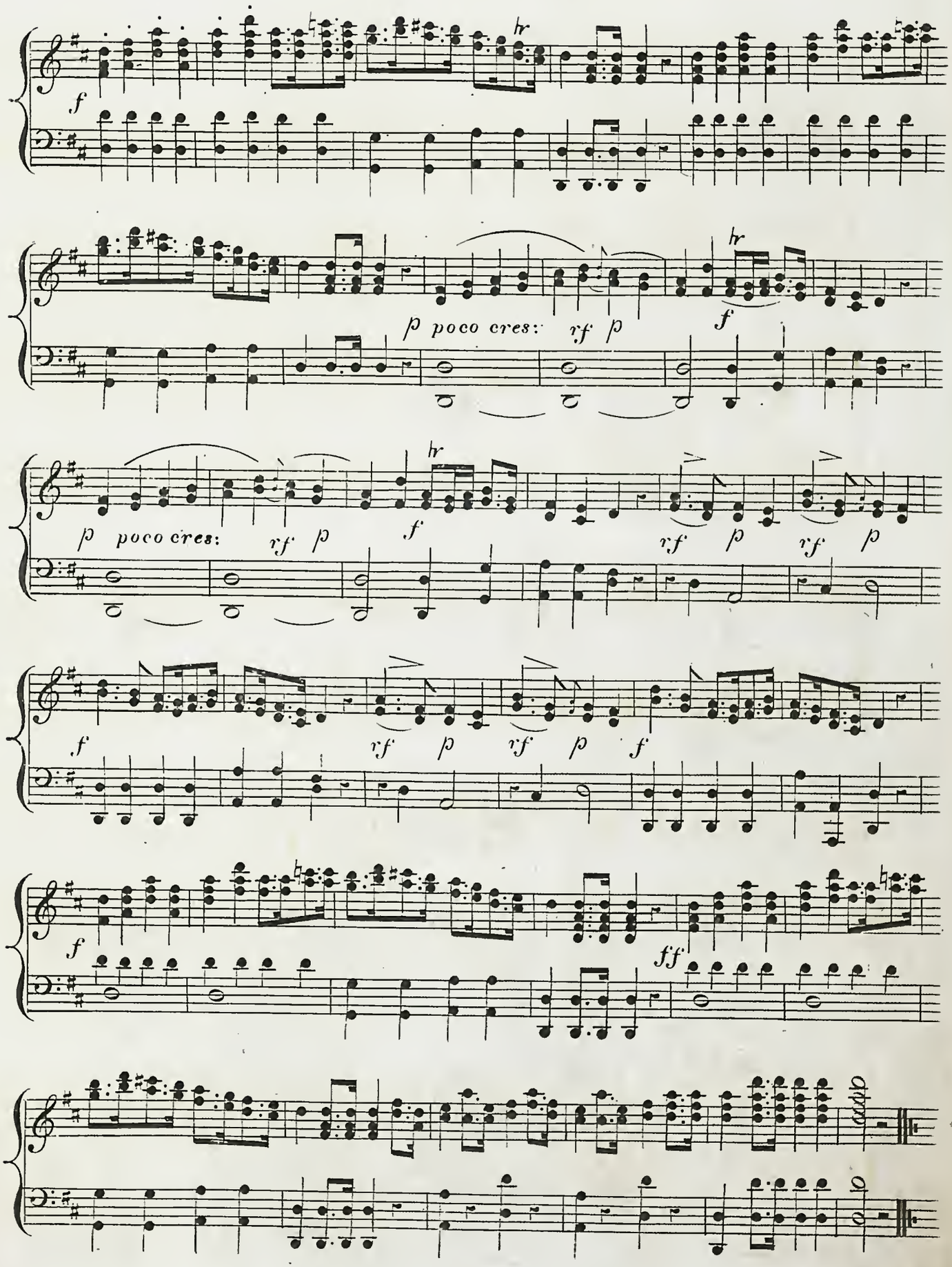
Artaxerxes.



Artaxerxes.


mf
f
p
mf
p
cres:
f
p
piu f
f
ff
8va
p
f
p
f
p
f
p
f
pp
p
f
p
f
p
f
p
f
pp
p


hr
f
p
f
p
f
p
f
p
f
p
f
p
hr
Gavotta.
p
f
p


f
hr
p poco cres:
rf
p
f
hr
p poco cres:
rf
p
f
hr
rf
p
rf
p
f
rf
p
rf
p
f
f
ff
adlib

Artaxerxes.

Fair Aurora!

DUET, in the Serious OPERA of

ARTAXERXES,

Composed by

DR ARNE

Arranged with an Accompaniment for the PIANO FORTE by J. ADDISON.

Ent. Sta. Hall. Price

London Printed by Goulding & D'Almaine, 20, Soho Square & to be had of all Music Sellers in the United Kingdom.

Act 1st Scene 1st A Garden belonging to the Royal Palace (Moonlight)

Larghetto.

sf *p*

p

Mandane. Fair Au = ro = ra! pri = thee stay, O! re=

p

Arbaces. pri = thee stay, O! re=

f *pp*

= tard unwelcome day O! retard the day O! re=tard un=welcome day.

= tard unwelcome day O! retard the day O! re=tard un=welcome day.

sf *p* *dol:* *sf*

Artaxerxes.

p cres:

Fair Au= = ro = ra pri= = thee stay O! re = = tard - - - - - -

p cres:

Fair Au= = ro = ra pri= = thee stay O! re = = = tard - - - - - -

p cres:

dim: p cres: f

- - un=wel = come day O! re = = tard - - - - - unwelcome day.

dim: p cres:

- - un=wel= come day O! re = tard - - - - - - unwelcome day.

hr hr

dim: f p f f

p

Think what anguish rends my breast, Thus ca = ressing and caress'd;

p

Think what anguish rends my breast, Thus ca = ressing and caress'd;

hr hr

p

Artaxerxes.

Forc'd at thy ap= = proach, forc'd to part - - - - - Think what anguish rends my

Forc'd at thy ap= = proach, forc'd to part - - - - - Think what anguish rends my

sf *p* *hr* *hr*

breast From the Idol of my heart. Forc'd to part - - - at thy approach to

breast From the Idol of my heart. Forc'd to part at thy approach to

p *cres:* *dim:* *hr*

part forc'd to part at thy approach to part.

part forc'd to part - - - at thy approach to part.

mf *cres:* *f* *hr* *p* *pp*

PRINTED BY GOULDING & C. SOHO SQ. LONDON

RECITATIVE.

Arbaces

Alas! thou know'st that for my love of thee the King, great Xerxes, thy

Mandane

too rigid Father has banish'd me the palace. Thy noble Father mighty Artabanes dis=

= poses at his will the heart of Xerxes, and the young Prince, my Brother Ar = tax =

Artaxerxes

= erxes, brought up with thee in virtuous emu=lation honors thy worth, and boasts thy valued

Arb:

friendship; their int'rest join'd may soften his resentment . . Weak are their efforts,

Man:

while his kingly pride disdains to rank a Princess with a subject. My spirits

sink, my heart for=gets to beat . I have not for=titude to bear thy

loss And must we part? then all good angels guard thee.

Adieu then lovely Youth!

SONG,

In the Serious Opera

OF

ARTAXERXES,

Composed by

DR. ARNE,

Arranged with an Accompaniment for the

Piano Forte BY J. Addison!

Eng. Sta. Hall, Price

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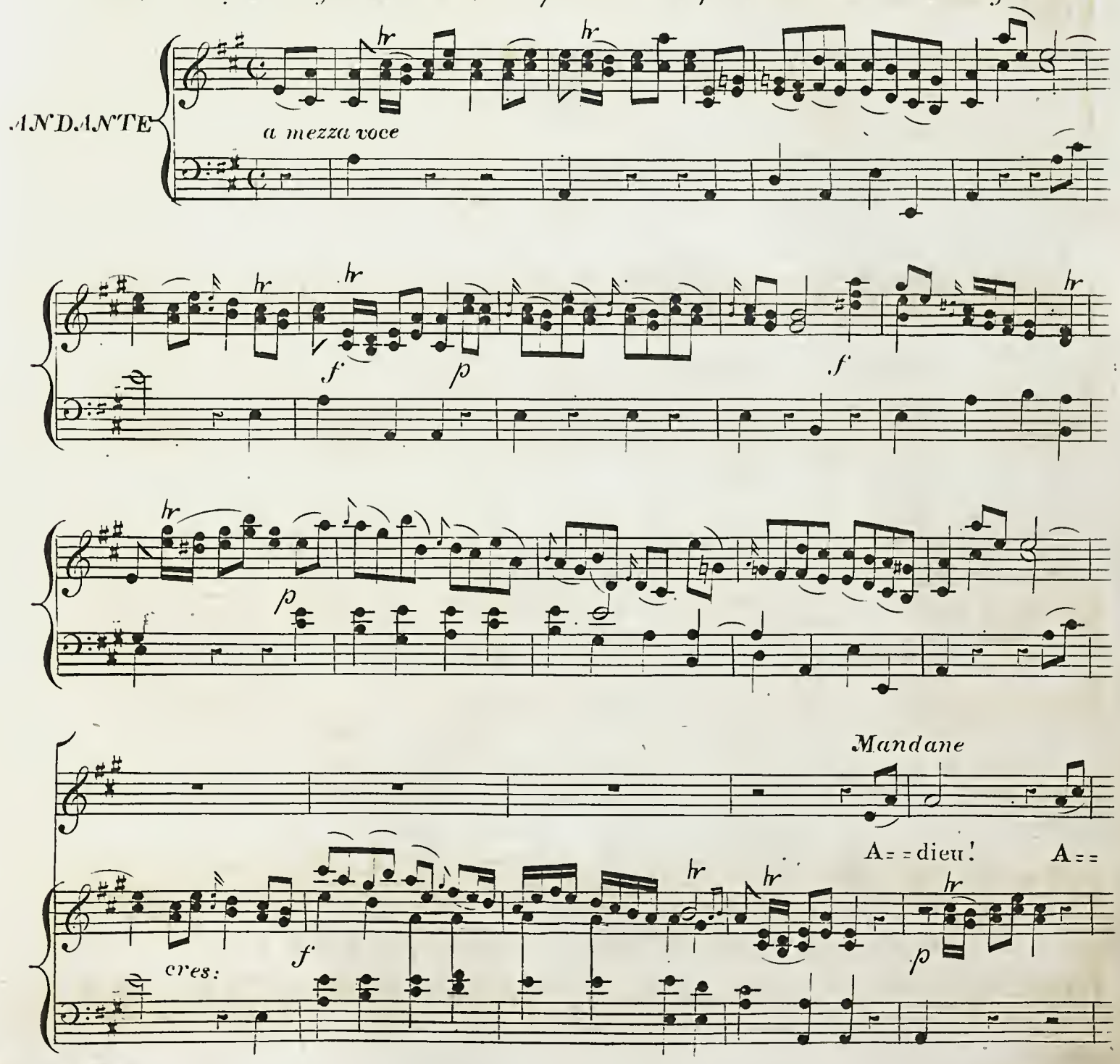


= dieu! A= = dieu thou love= ly youth! Let hope thy fears re=

mf p

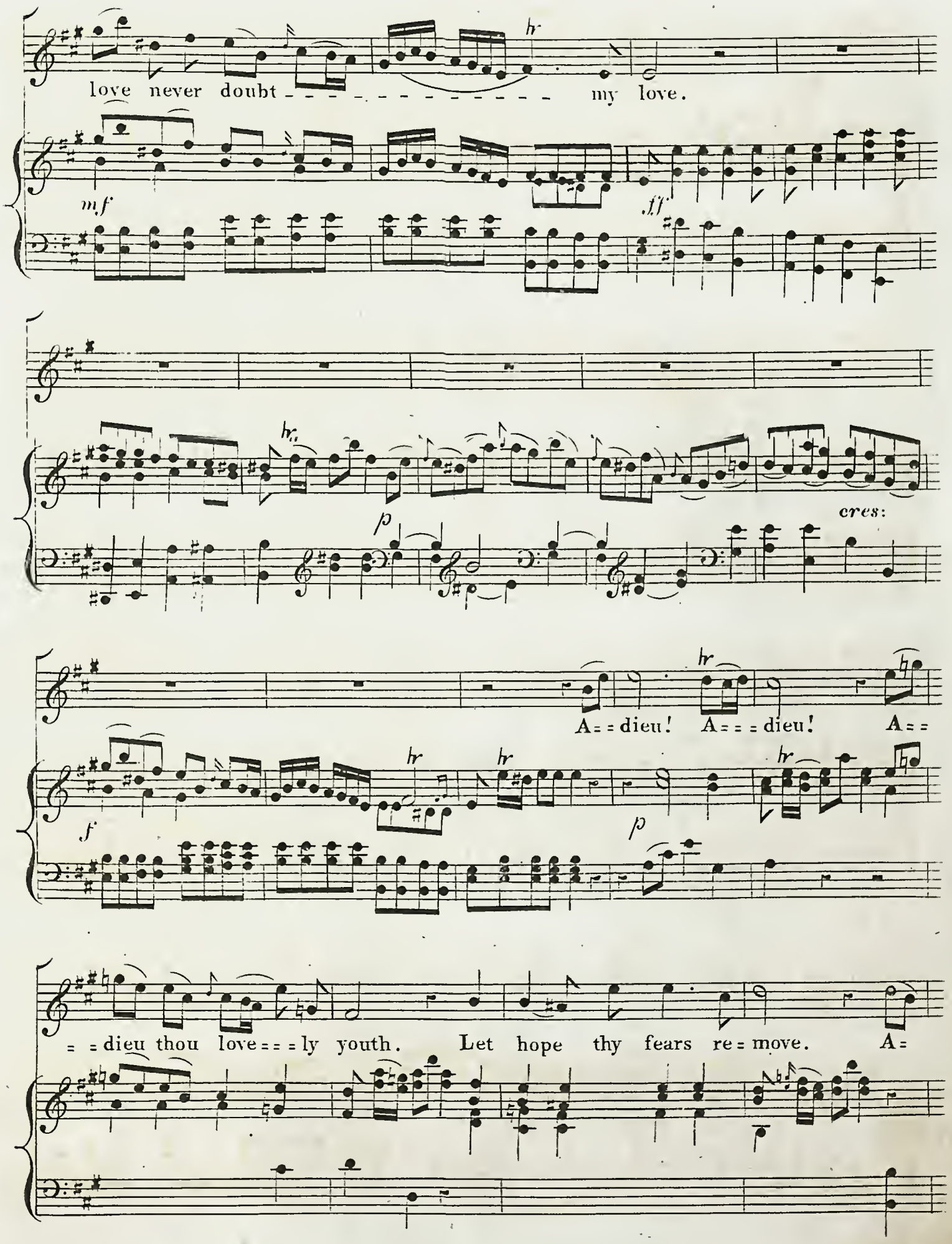
= move, Let hope - - - thy fears re= = move: Pre= serve thy faith and

f p

truth; But ne=ver doubt my love. never doubt - - - - - - - - - - -

f p f p

- never doubt my love. never doubt my


love never doubt - - - - - - - - - - - - - - my love.
mf
ff
p
cres:
A= = dieu! A= = = dieu! A= =
f
p
= = dieu thou love= = = ly youth. Let hope thy fears re= move. A=

= dieu! A= = dieu! thou love= = = = = ly youth Let

hope thy fears re= = move Pre=serve thy faith and truth; But

ne= = ver doubt my love. never doubt - - - - - - - - - - - -

- - - - - - my love ne = ver doubt - - - - - my love. Pre=

mf *mf* *p*

= serve - - - - - - pre= = serve thy faith and truth; But

hr mf p

ne = = = = = ver doubt never doubt never doubt my love.

hr mf

A = dieu! A = dieu! never doubt - - never doubt my love - - - - ne=ver

p cres:

hr (Exit)

doubt - - - - - my love.

hr hr

f ff

Enter *Artabanes*

Artabanes. *Arbaces.* *Artab:* *Arb:* *Artab:*

Son Arbaces! My Father! Give me thy sword, Sir I o=bey, Here, take thou mine

Arb: *Artab:*

'Tis drench'd in blood, Fly! hide it from all eyes Xerxes the King this

Arb: *Artab:*

daring arm hath slain, Forbid it heav'n! Oh! much lov'd son! thy treatment was the

sf

Arb: *Artab:*

spur to my revenge, For thee I'm guilty Would, I had ne'er been born! Let not weak

scruples thwart my great de= sign perhaps Arbaces shall be King of Persia

Arb: *Artab:* *Arb:*

I'm all confusion! No more! begone! Oh! fatal day unhappy, lost Ar= baces!

Artaxerxes

Amid a thousand racking Woes,

SONG,

in the Serious Opera of

ARTAXERXES,

Composed by

Dr. ARNE,

Arranged with an Accompaniment for the

Piano Forte BY J. Addison.

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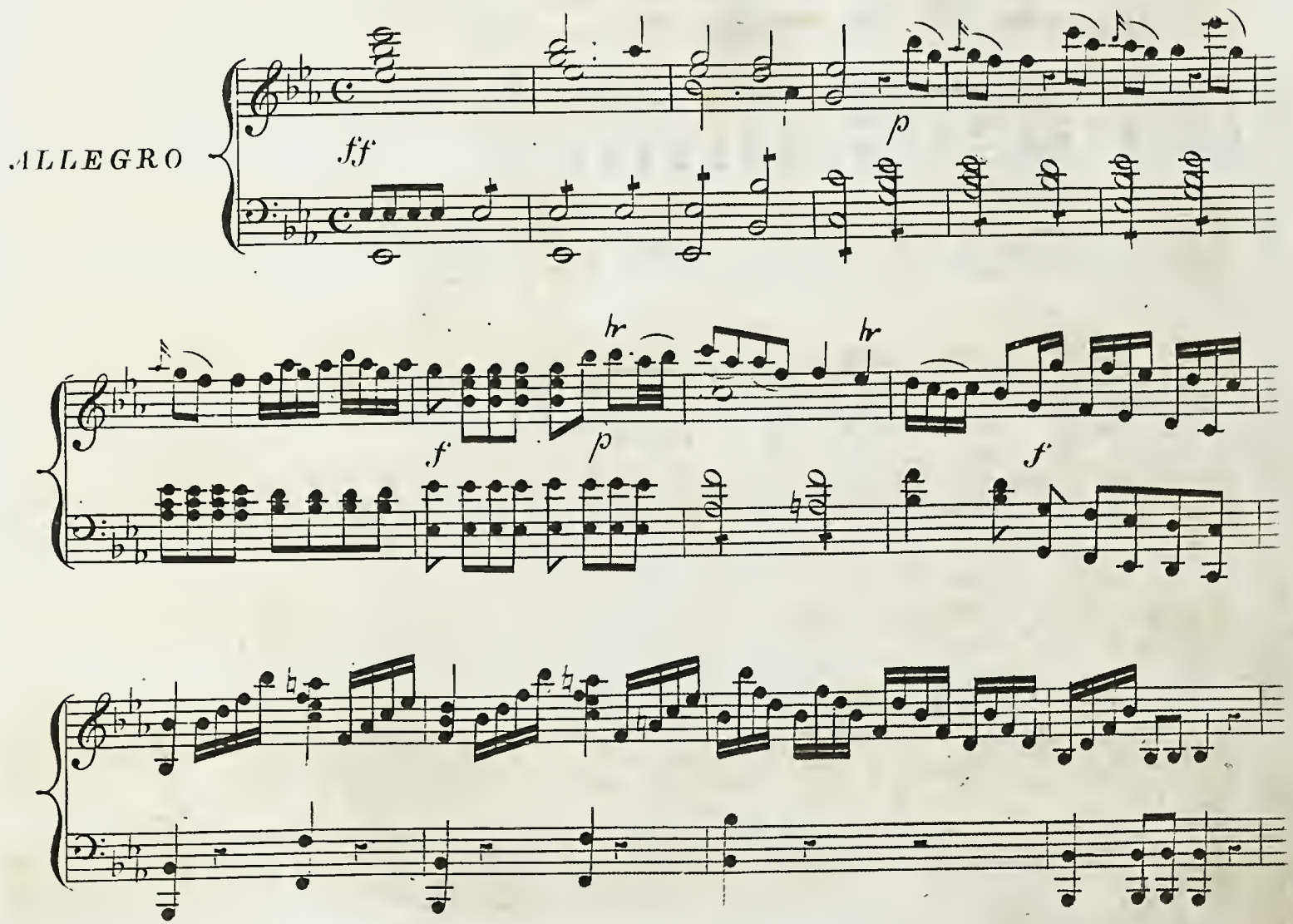
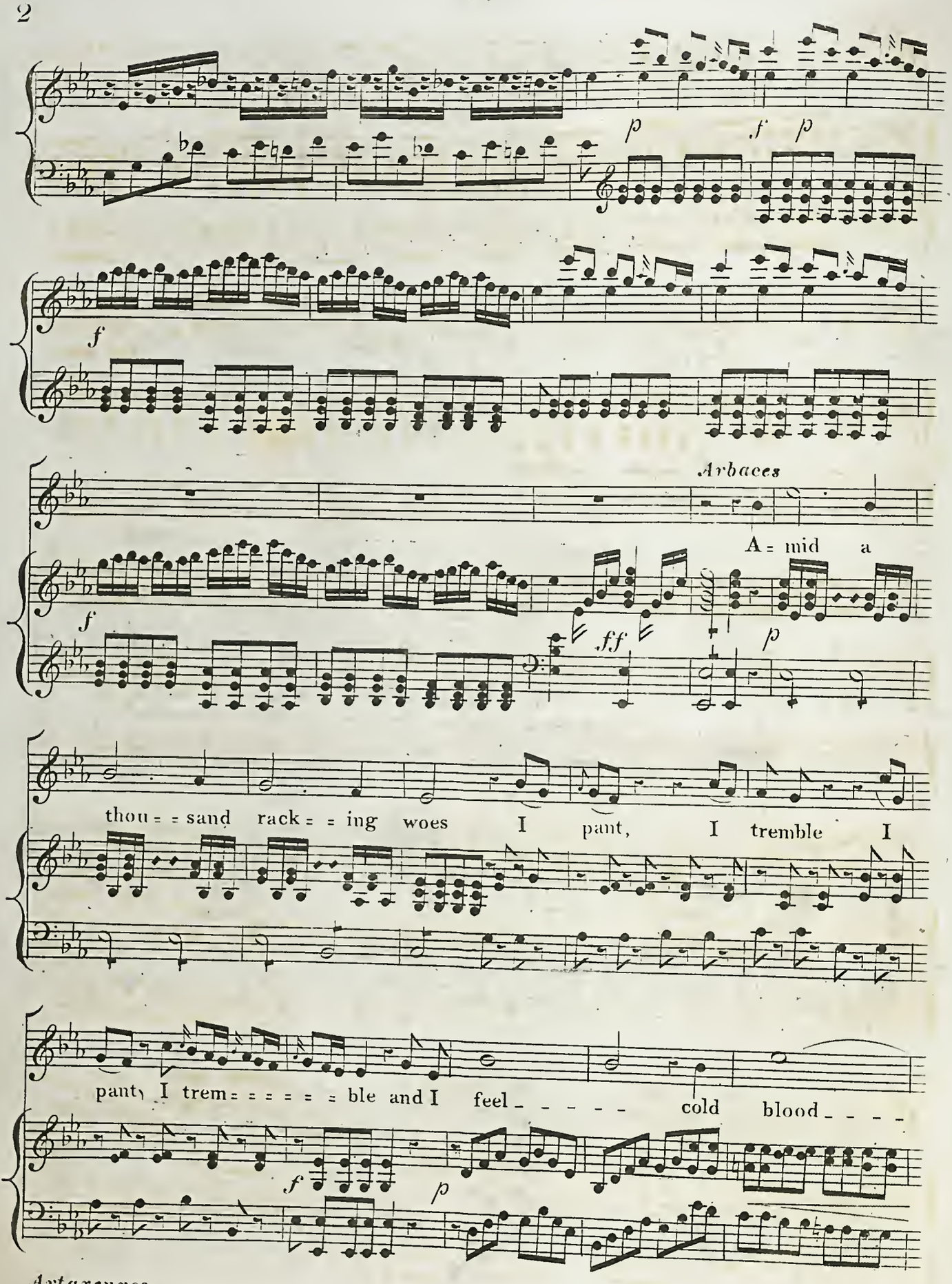
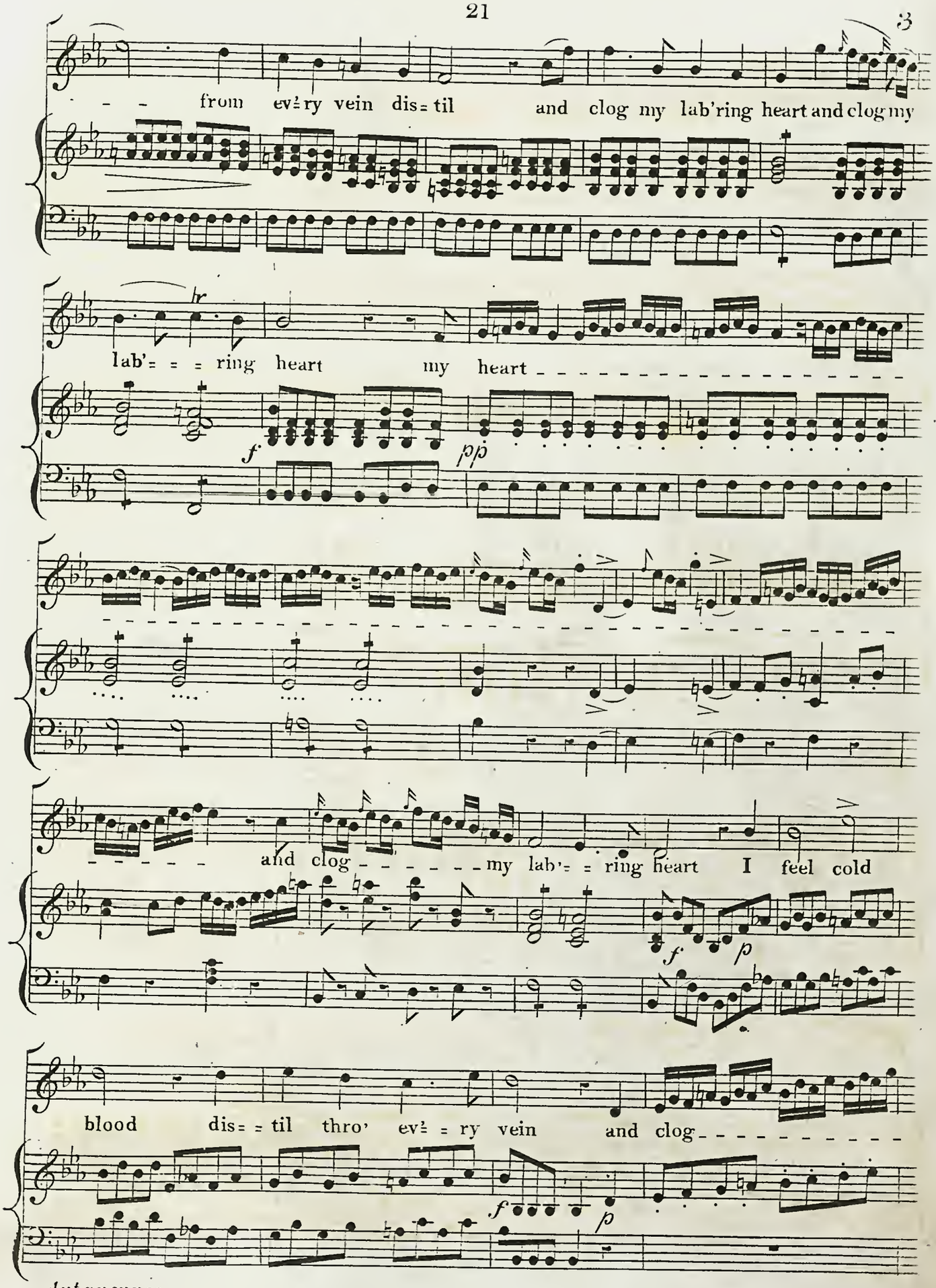
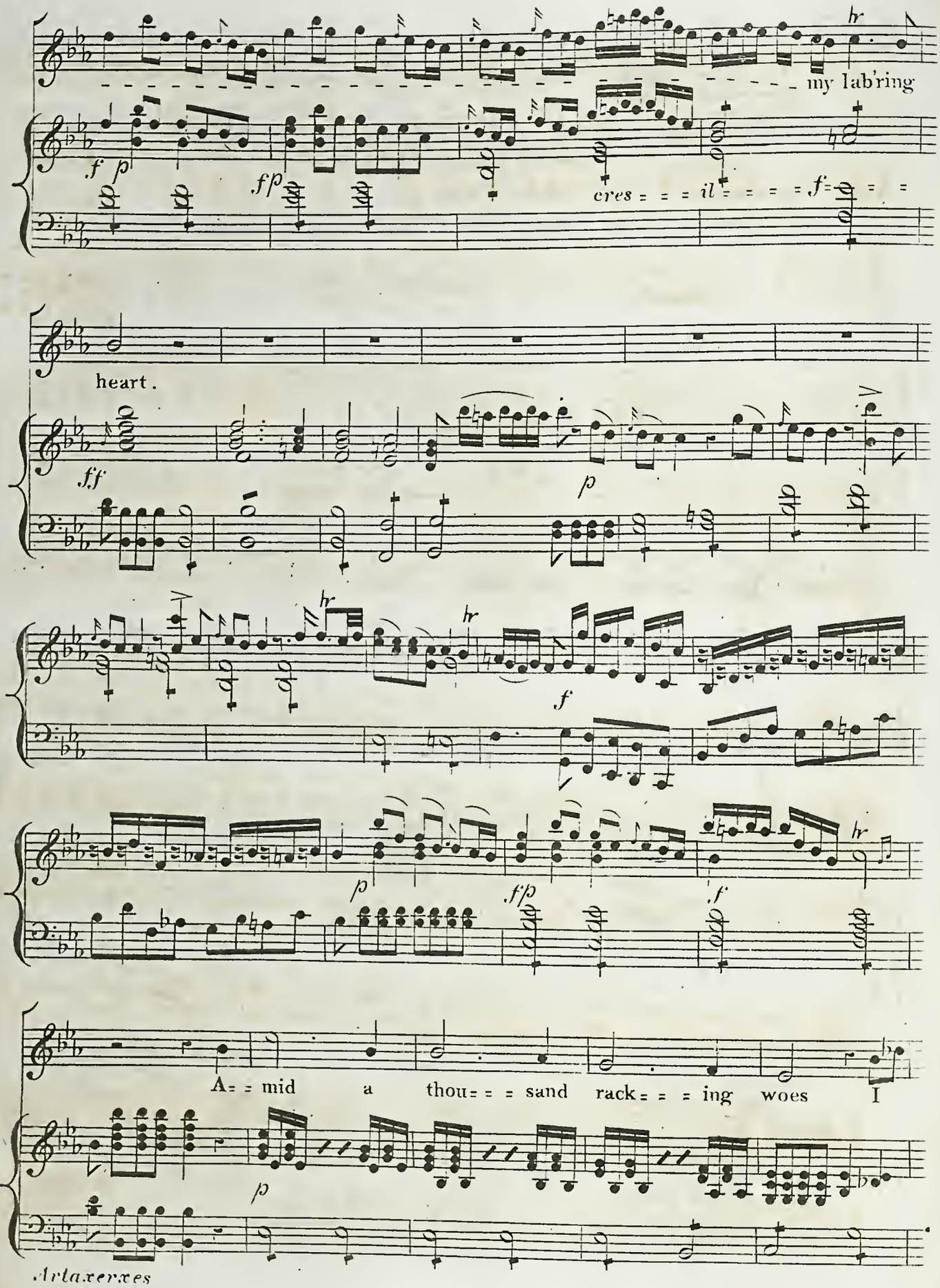



p
f
p
f
Arbaces
A = mid a
f
ff
p
thou = = sand rack = = ing woes I pant, I tremble I
pant, I trem = = = = = = ble and I feel - - - - - cold blood - - - -
f
p


3
from ev'ry vein dis=til and clog my lab'ring heart and clog my
lab'= = = ring heart my heart
f
pp
and clog my lab'= = ring heart I feel cold
f
p
blood dis= = til thro' ev'= = ry vein and clog
f
p


my lab'ring
f p
fp
cres = = = il = = = = f = = =
heart.
ff
p
f
p
fp
f
A= = mid a thou= = = sand rack= = = ing woes I
p
Artaxerxes

pant, I tremble I pant, I tremble, and I feel cold

dol: *f* *p* *dol:* *f* *tremando*

blood, I feel cold blood thro' ev'ry vein dis = til and

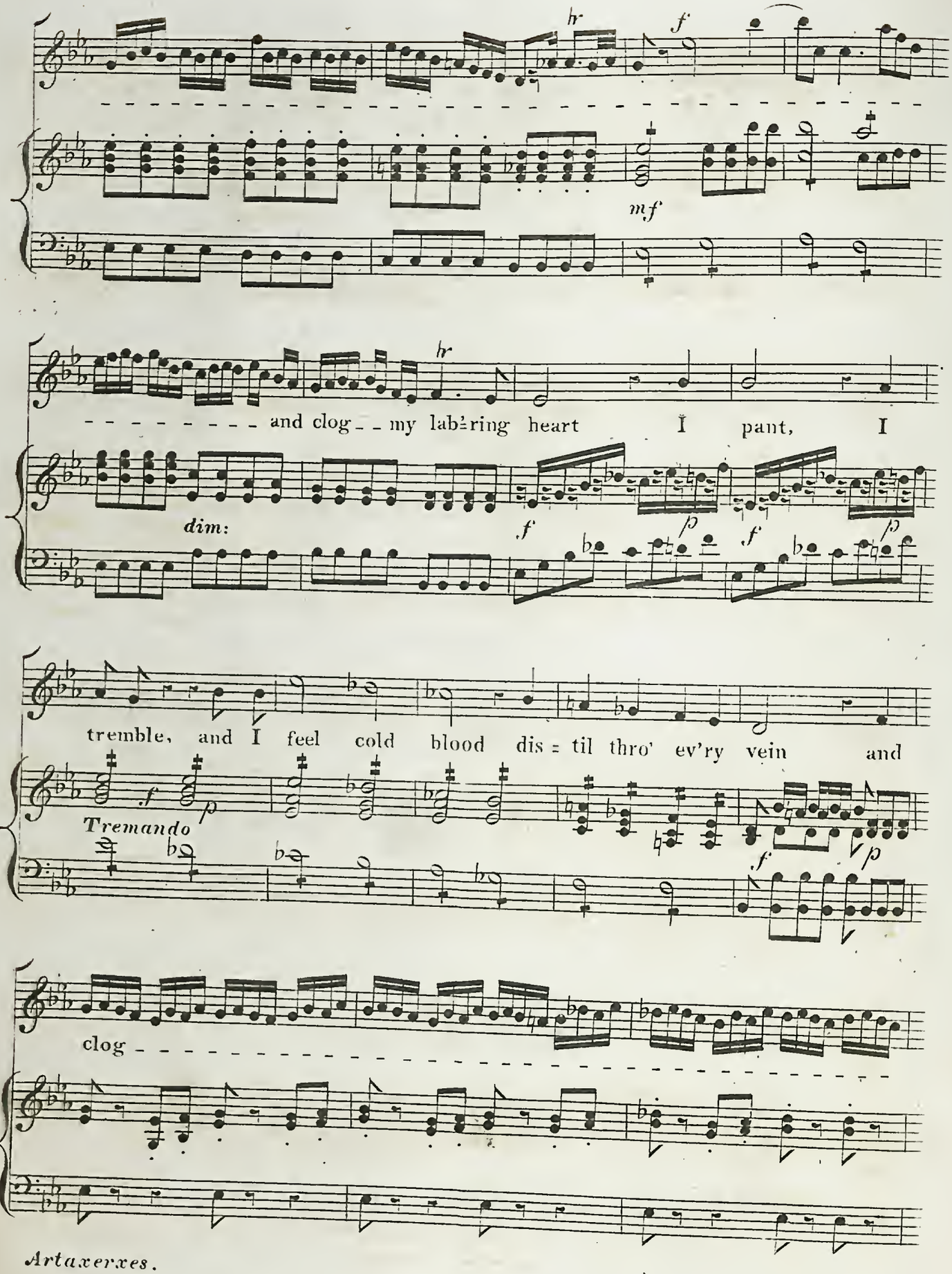
p

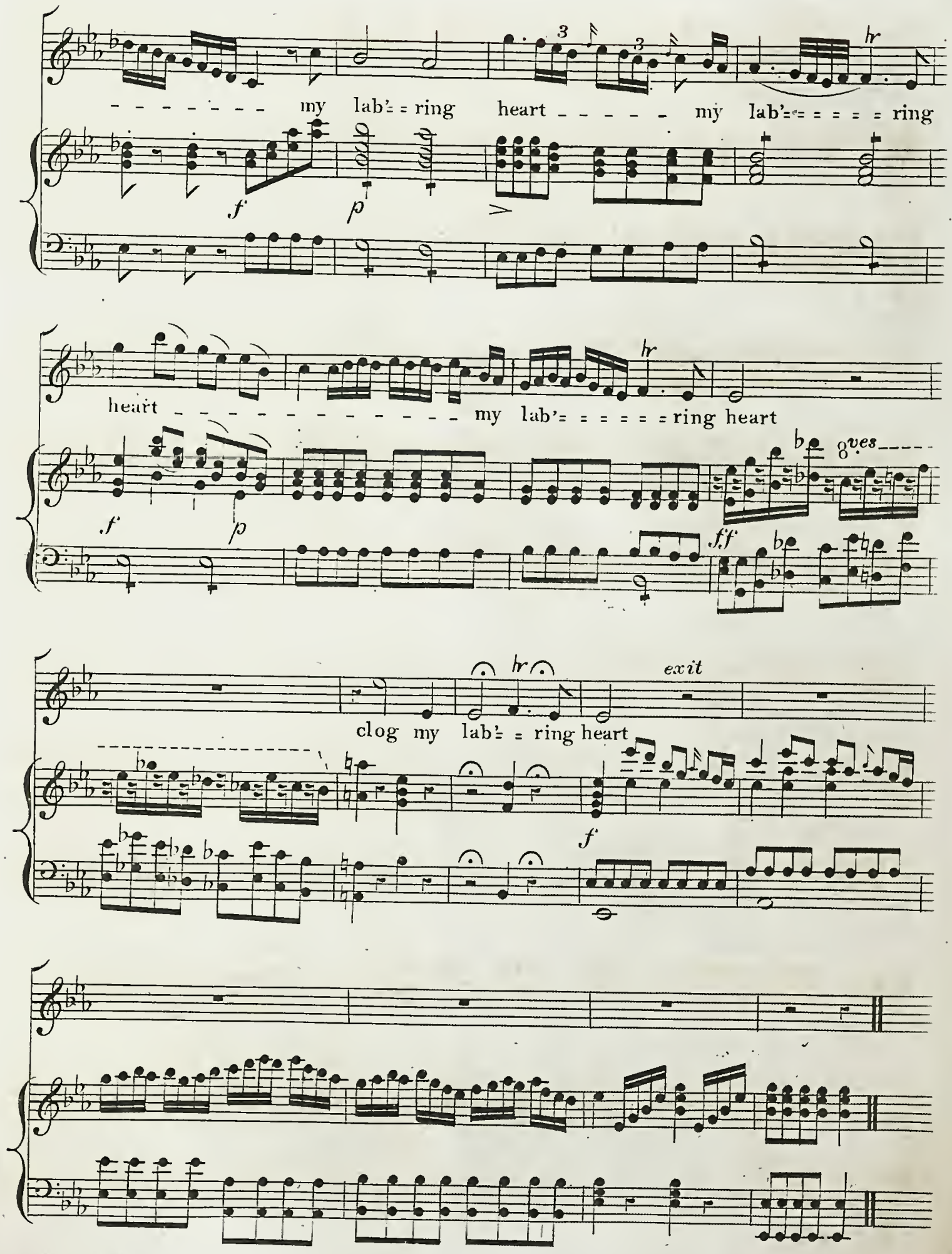
clog my lab'=ring heart my heart

f *p* *cres* = = =

hr *hr* *hr*

= = = = *il* = = = = = = = = *f* *fp* *fp*


mf
and clog my lab'ring heart I pant, I
dim:
f
p
f
p
tremble, and I feel cold blood dis = til thro' ev'ry vein and
Tremando
f
p
f
p
clog


my lab'= = ring heart my lab'= = = = = = ring
heart my lab'= = = = = = ring heart
clog my lab'= = ring heart

Manet *Artabanes*

Artab:

Be firm my heart, in the pursuit of guilt, the first ad = vance admits not of re=

= treat. The Royal blood, to the last hateful drop, shall all be shed: Conscience!

thy checks are vain. The Prince ap=pears, Now art's my only refuge

Artax:

Dear Artaba=nes glad I meet thee here, thy Prince requires thy counsel, thy

Artab: *Artax:*

loy=alty, revenge! I tremble sir, this dire in = junction wants an expla=nation. Disastrous

3 *Artab:*

fate! yonder my Father lies, savagely murder'd Oh! my ill boding fears, unsated thirst of

Artaxerxes

* Enter Artaxerxes with Rimenes and Guards.

empire! alas! will nothing but a Father's blood allay thy heat and quench thy raging fever!

Artax:

Well I con=ceive, my cruel faithless Brother, Darius, Who, but he, at dead of night could

Artab:

penetrate the Palace! who ap=proach the royal bed! be=sides his known ambition!

Artax:

Oh! if there lives a heart that calls me friend, or feels compassion for his murder'd King; quick let him

Artab:

bring the Traitor to our presence. That welcome task be mine, Guards! follow me, Yet

Artax:

Artab:

stay, Darius is the son of Xerxes. Who kills the Father is no more a Son.

f

Behold on Lethe's dismal strand.

SONG,

in the Serious Opera of

ARTAXERXES,

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DR ARNE,

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LARGHETTO

a mezzo voce

Artabanes

Be = hold! Be = hold! on

p

Lethe's dismal strand Be = hold! behold! thy Fa = = = = thers troubled spirit

stand. In his face. in his face what

mezza voce

p

Artaxerxes

grief pro = found! what grief - - - pro = found!

Presto

See! see! see! he rolls he

p

rolls his haggard eyes. Hark! Hark! re=venge revenge he

f

cries; and points - points to his still bleed = = ing

p

wounds points points to his still bleeding

wounds See! See! he rolls his haggard

pp *ff*

eyes and hark! and hark! revenge revenge he

cries and points to his still bleed = = = = ing

f

wounds points points to his still

bleed = = = = ing wounds

ff

O = = = bey the call re =

f *p*

= venge his death And calm his soul that

gave - - thee breath calm his soul that gave - - thee breath

o= = bey the

call re= = venge his death and calm his soul that

gave thee breath o= = bey the call!

re= = venge his death O= = bey the

call re= = venge his death calm his soul that

gave thee breath calm his soul that gave thee

breath. Exit with *Rimenes* Guarded.

Artaxerxes

RECIT. & SERG.

Fair Semira!

in the Serious Opera of

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Semira — Artax: — Sem:

Stay Artaxerxes stay! Adieu! Se=mira, And dost thou fly me

Go then cruel Prince no more shall ill tim'd fondness im = por = tune thee.

AIR.

Artaxerxes.

Fair Se= = mi= = = ra! love= = ly maid! Cease in pi= = ty

Andante

Express.vo

p

Artaxerxes

to - - up = braid My op = press'd but con = = stant heart

Cease in pi = = ty in pi = ty to up = braid My op = = press'd but

con = stant heart My op = = press'd but con = = = stant heart

dol: *poco f*

Full suf = fi = = cient

are - - - the woes Which my cru = = el stars im = pose;

Heav'n a = = las! has done its part Full suf = = fi = = = cient are the

woes Which my cru = el stars im = = pose Heav'n a = = las! has done its

part Heav'n a = = las! has done its part.

a mezza voce

Enter *Mandane*

Mandane

Where do I fly? Ah! hapless Maid thus, in one fatal instant, to lose a Brother

Artax: *Mand:*

Father, and a Lover Alas! Mandane Does Darius live? or are thy guilty hands im=

sf

Artax:

= brued in Brothers blood Fain would I shun that deed which to prevent I've search'd thro' all the

Mand: Enter Artabanes *Artax:*

Palace for Artabanes and Da=rius but all in vain See! Artabanes comes My

Artab: *Artax:* *Artab:*

friend! I sought you sir all is accomplish'd Ha! speak, explain! Your Fathers death reveng'd

Artax: *Mand:*

Darius slain and Artaxerxes now is Persia's King Oh Gods oh dire misfortune

Artaxerxes

2

Artab: *Artax:*

Why that deep sigh my Liege? 'twas your command Alas! tis true the guilt is on=ly

Enter Semira in haste *Artax:* *Sem:*

mine Oh! Artax=erxes! Say, fair Semira, why this seeming joy? Da=rius is not guilty of the

Mand: *Artax:* *Sem:* Enter Rimenes with Arbaces guarded

murder, What do I hear? I'm struck with double horror Th'As=sassin is secur'd

Rim: *Artab:* *Artax:* *Artab:* *Sem:*

Who, in this Royal presence, would believe Ar=baces to be guilty How! My Friend! My Son! My

Mand: *Artax:*

Brother! Oh, ye Gods! my Lover Would in the pangs of death I'd met my friend rather than thus in

Arb: *Artax:*

fetters like a traitor I'm innocent O make but that appear and doubly 'twill endear thee to my love

Artaxerxes

Arb: *Artab:* *Mand:*

I am not guilty that's my only plea This prudent caution answers to my wish But your re=

Arb: *Artax:* *Arb:* *Artab:*

= sentment 'gainst the King? Was just Didst thou not fly? I did This thy reserve? is

Rim: *Arb:* *Artab:*

requisite This bloody sword! Was in the scabbard when you took me Pris'ner And

Arb:

canst thou yet deny the bloody deed? Great Sir! I still assert my innocence

Audacious Boy thus obstinate in ill thy sights my torment, and this deed's my

Arb:

shame And does my Father join in my des = truction

Artaxerxes

Thy Father! away!

SONG,

in the Serious Opera

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AIR.

Artabanes.

ALLEGRO

Thy Father! a=way! a=way! I re=nounce the soft claim

p f

Thou spot to my honor, thou blast to my fame; thou

p f

Artaxerxes

blast to my fame. Let jus=tice the

ff *p*

Traitor to pu=nishment bring, His Father he lost, when he murder'd his

King. His Father he lost when he murder'd his King.

f *ff*

Thy Father! a=way a=way I re=nounce the soft

p *f* *f*

claim Thou spot to my ho = = nor thou

f *p*

blast to my fame Let justice the

p

Traitor to pu = = nish = ment bring; His Fa = = ther he

lost, when he murder'd his King a = way! a = = way! Let

f

justice the Traitor to pu=nishment bring His Fa=ther he

lost when he murder'd his King His Fa=ther he lost when he

f

8ves

exit

murder'd his King.

ff

RECIT. & AIR,

Oh! too lovely

in the Serious Opera of

ARTAXERXES,

Composed by

DR. ARNE,

Arranged with an Accompaniment for the

PIANO FORTE, by J. ADDISON.

Eng. Sta. Hall. Price

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Arbaces

Ap=pearance, I must own is strong a=gainst me: but truth is on my

Artax:

Exit Artax:

side I'm innocent Pray Heav'n thou mayst; but 'till the law decides you must remain a prisner

Arb:

Mand:

Beauteous Mandane! turn at least and hear me A=way! away! you sue in vain.

AIR.

ad lib:

Arbaces.

Oh - - - - - - - - - - too love=ly Oh! too lovely

too un=kind If my lips no cre= = = dit find

Pierce my breast my heart my heart shall prove strong in vir=tue

firm in love Guiltless! wretched! lost for=lorn! And

worse than mur= = der'd by - - - - thy scorn - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

- - - - - - - - worse than murder'd by - - - - - - - - - - - - thy

cres = = = = *il* = = = = *f*

scorn Oh! too lovely

f *p*

too un = kind, too love = = ly too un = = kind Pierce my

breast, my heart shall prove strong in virtue, firm in

love Guiltless! wretched! lost! for = lorn!

worse than mur = = = = = = = der'd by thy scorn - - - - - - - - - -

- - - - - - - worse than murder'd by thy scorn thy scorn - - -

cres = = = = = il = = =

Exit guarded

- - - - - - - - by thy scorn.

f *ff* *p* *f* *hr*

RECIT: Mandane. Bishop

Largo

f dol:

Mandane

Dear and beloved shade of my dead Father Thee I in=

p f

=voke to spirit up my rage Lest fond cre du=lity too strongly plead

f f p cres:

Andante

And turn my purpose from a just revenge For oh! I feel the Tyrant Love within

f f f p pp

He rends my breast he struggles he struggles for Arbaces Help me kind Gods to tear away his image

cres: f f f f f

Artaxerxes

Fly softe Ideas,

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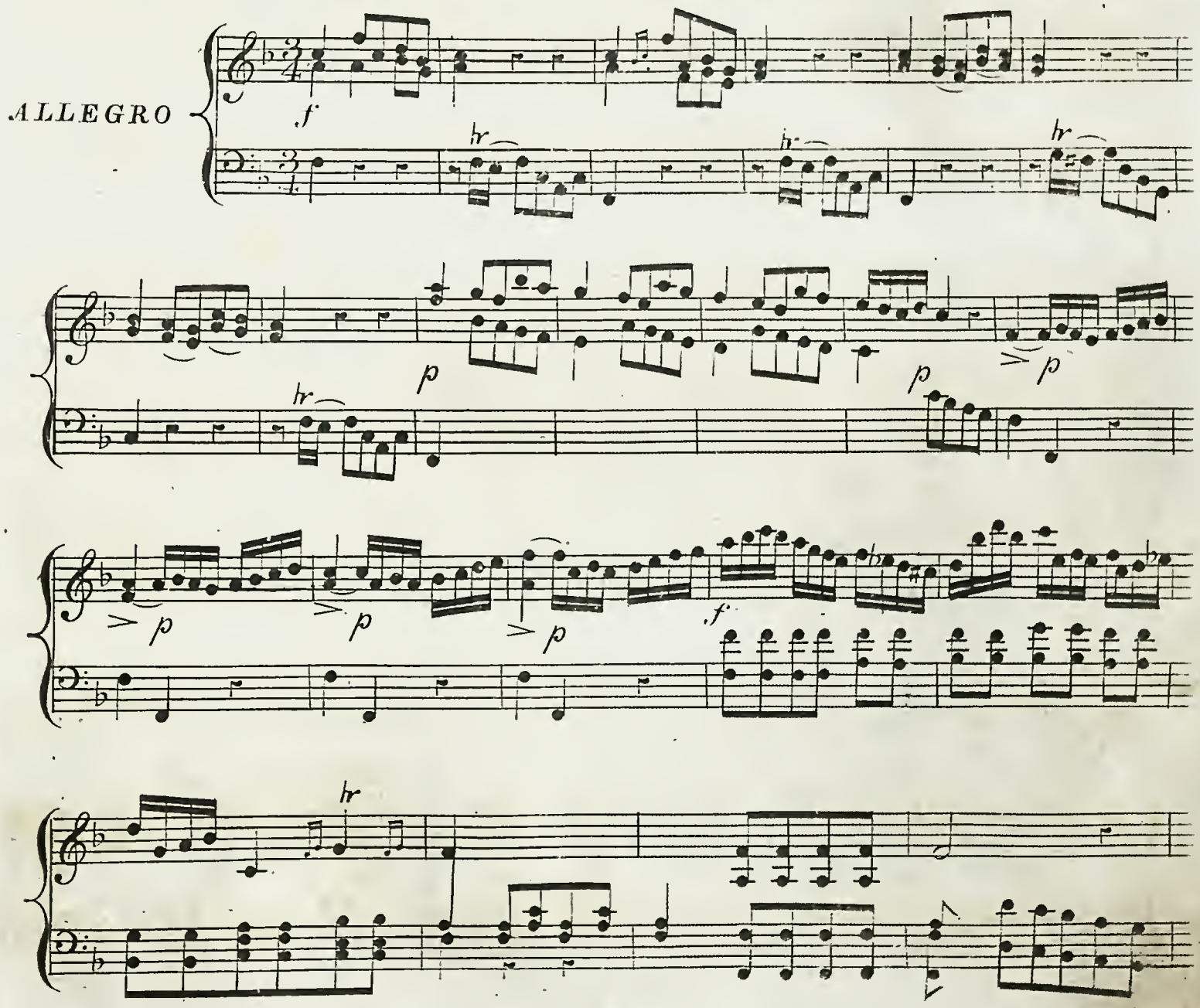
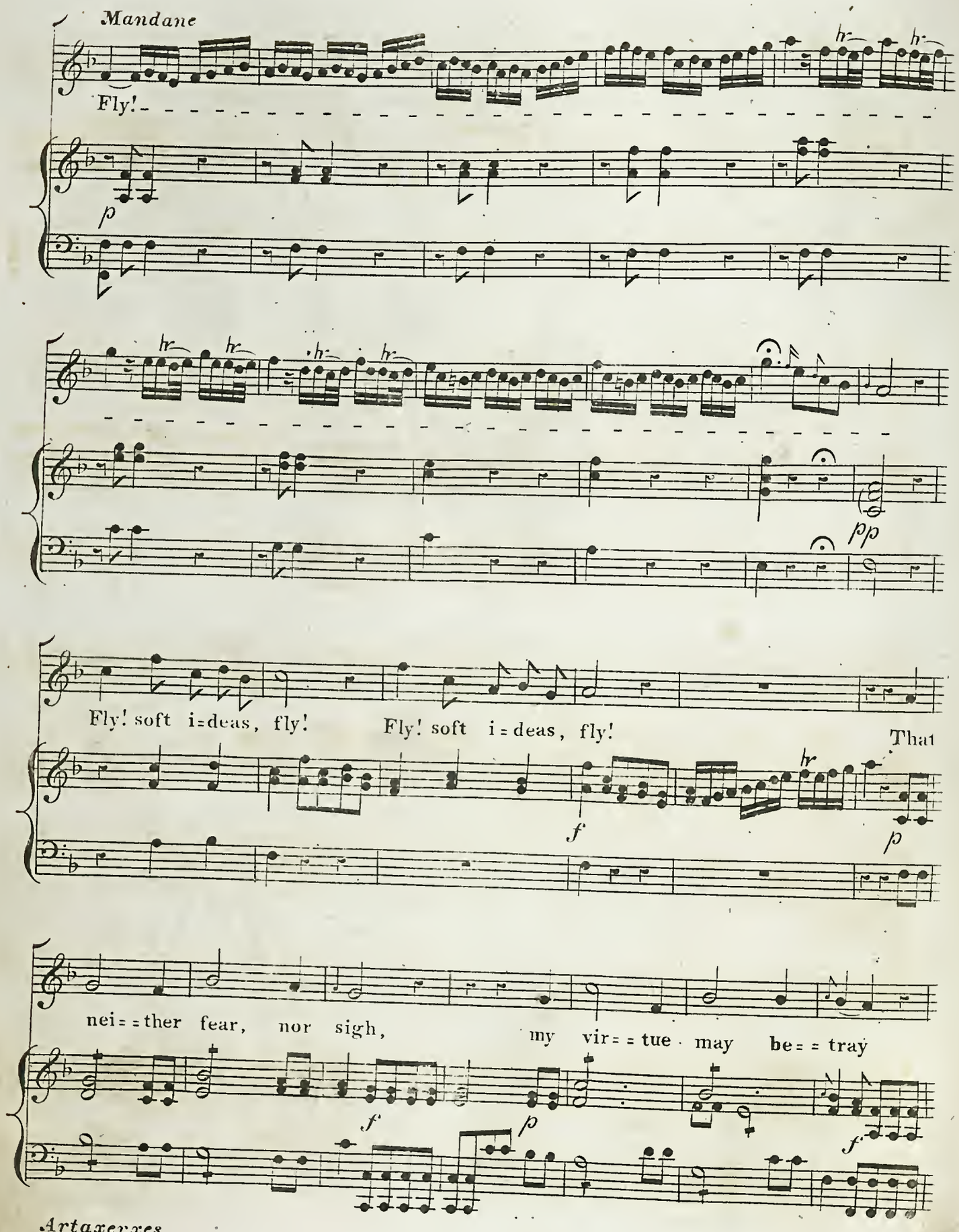



Mandane
Fly!
p
pp
Fly! soft i=deas, fly!
Fly! soft i=deas, fly!
That
f
p
nei==ther fear, nor sigh,
my vir==tue may be==tray
f
p
f

my vir = tue may be= = tray Nature's great call

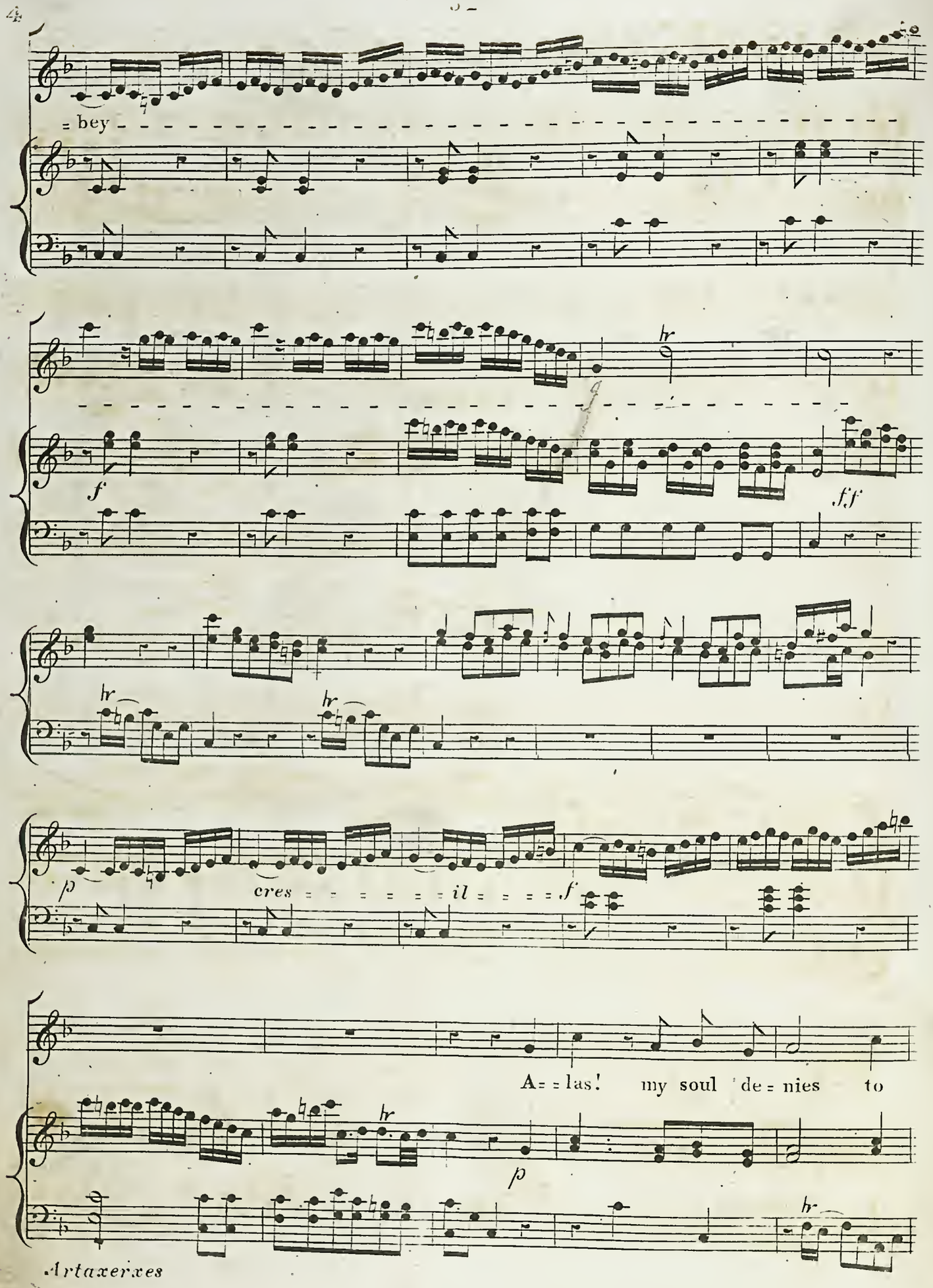
p *mf* *hr*

that govens all A Daughter must o= = bey - - - - -

p *mf* *hr*

Nature's great

call that governs all, A Daughter must o= = bey o= =


= bey
f
f.f
p
cres = = = = = = il = = = = f
A= = las! my soul de= nies to
p

hear revenge's cries A= = las! my soul de= = nies

dol: *p* *dol:* *p* *f*

to hear re ven = ge's cries Dare not fond heart

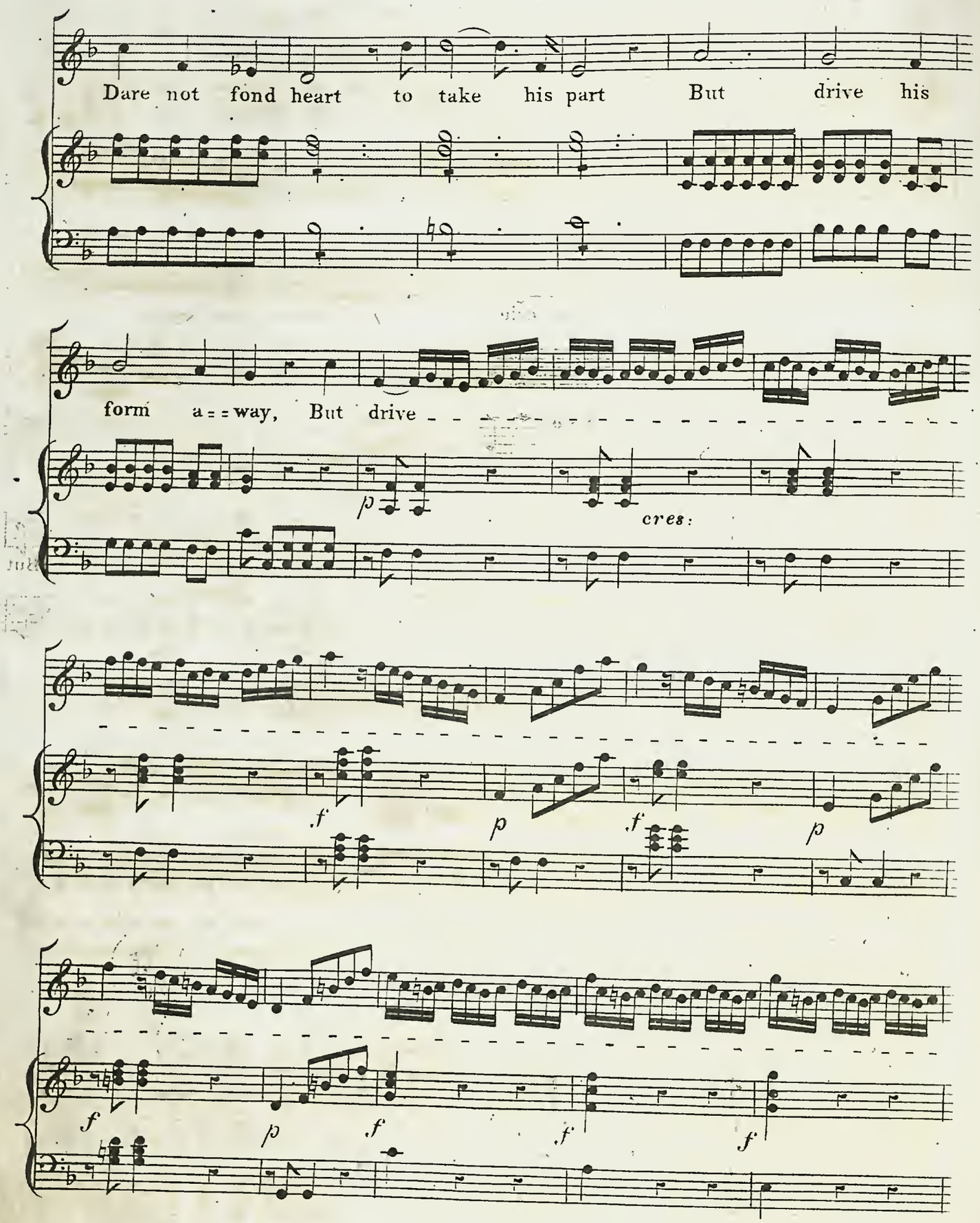
p *mf*

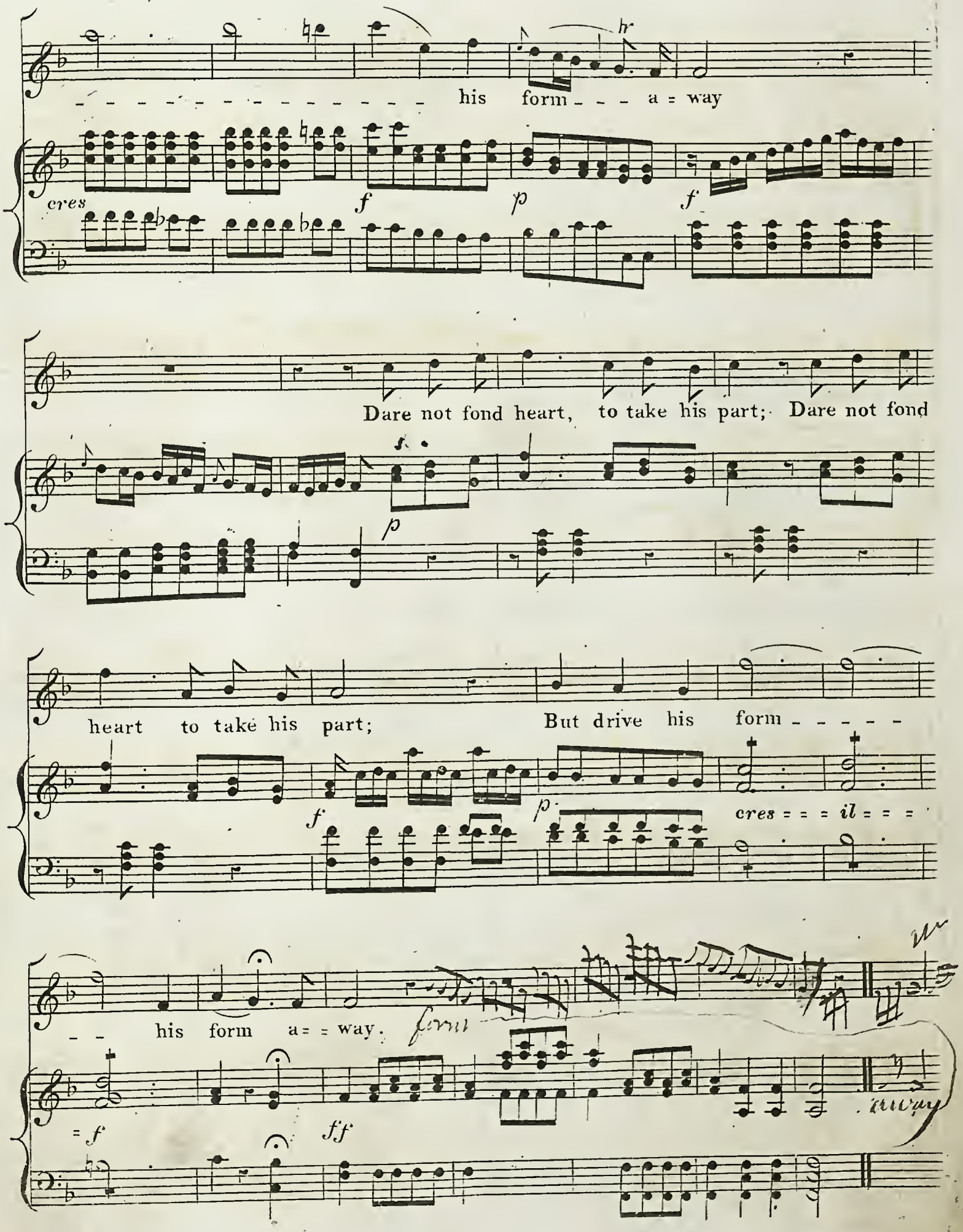
to take his part; But drive his form a= = way. But

p *mf* *p*

drive

his form a= way A= las! my soul de= nies To hear revenge's cries;


Dare not fond heart to take his part But drive his
form a = = way, But drive
p
cres:
f
p
f
p
f
p
f
f
f


his form - - - a = way

Dare not fond heart, to take his part; Dare not fond

heart to take his part; But drive his form - - - - -

- - his form a = = way.

Act 2d Scene 1st The Royal Apartments. Enter *Ataxerxes and Artabanes.*

Artax:

Guards! speed ye to the tower and in = stantly con = vey Ar = ba = ces

Artab: *Artx*

to me Good my Lord! think not the partial fondness of a Father has urg'd this counsel. No!

tis justice dictates He still persists that he is in = no = cent and his fair

truth was ne'er till now sus = pected I will with = = draw Oh! re = concile the

safety of your son with the King's peace and honor of his throne *f*

Artaxerxes

In Infancy our Hopes & Fears,

AIR,

In the Serious Opera of

ARTAXERXES,

Composed by

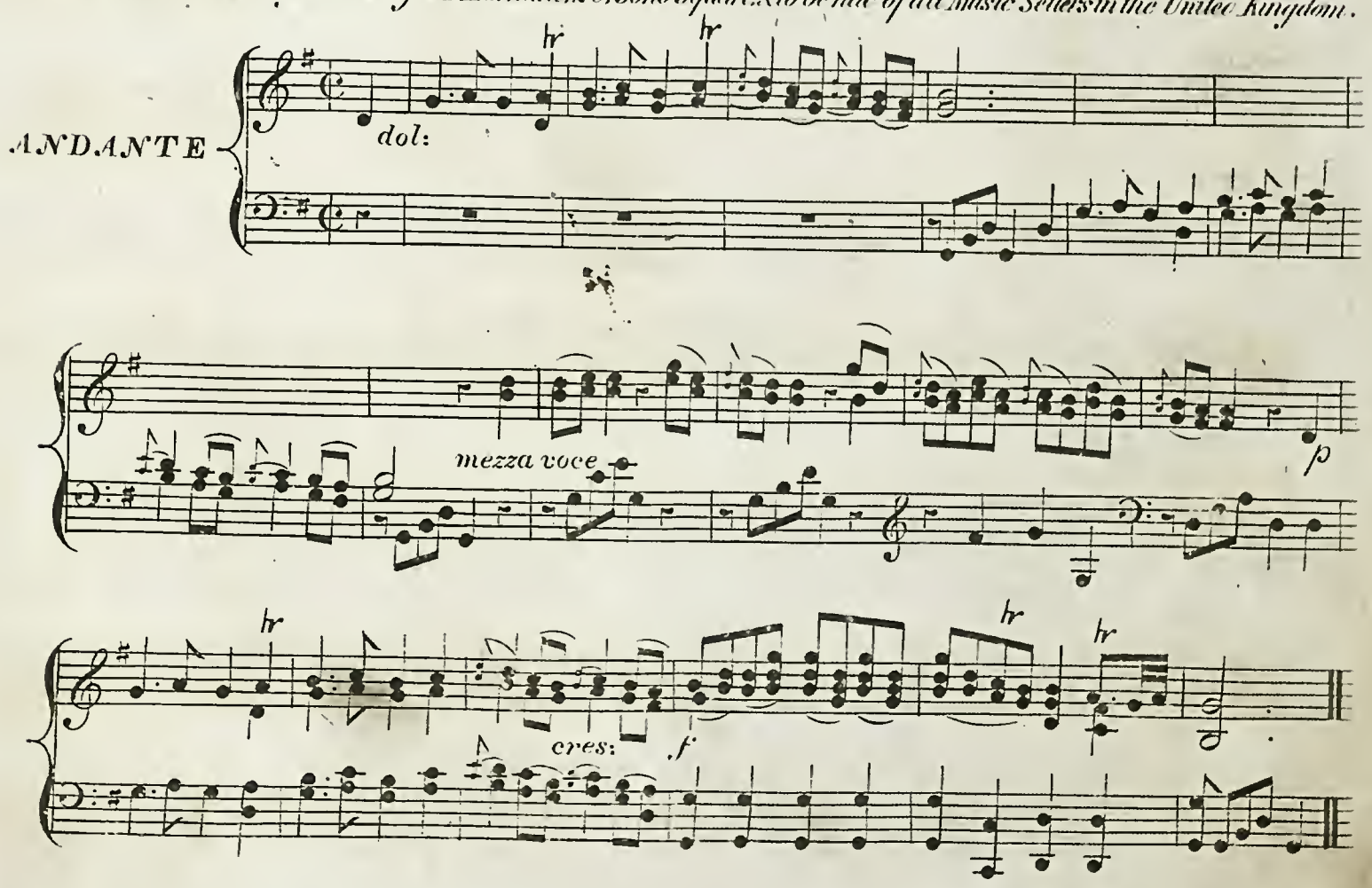
Dr ARNE,

Arranged with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte BY J. Addison.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

London Printed by Goulding & D'Almaine, 20, Soho Square, & to be had of all Music Sellers in the United Kingdom.

Price



Artaxerxes

In Infancy, our hopes and fears Were to each other known, And friendship in our

f *p*

riper years, Has twin'd our hearts in one - - - - Has twin'd our hearts in

1st one 2d one

hr

Oh! clear him then from

f *p*

this offence, Thy love, thy duty prove, Res=tore him with that in=nocence, which

f

first inspir'd my love - - - - - - - - - - - - in = = spir'd my love Oh!

hr *mf* *p*

clear him then from this offence, Thy love, thy du = ty prove, Res =

f

= tore him with that in = nocence; which first in = spir'd my love - - - - -

hr *hr* *mf*

- - - - in = spir'd my love

hr *f* *hr*

RECIT. AND AIR,

If, o'er the cruel tyrant Love,

in the Serious Opera of

ARTAXERXES,

Composed by

Dr. ARNE,

Arranged with an accompaniment for the

Piano Forte BY J. Addison.

and, Sta. Hall, Price

London, Printed by Goulding & D'Almaine, 20, Soho Square, & to be had of all Music Sellers in the United Kingdom.

Semira.

Away thou cruel Maid enforce his crime and urge his speedy death But

Man:

first prepare thy heart and quite erase the soft remembrance of your former passion Ah!

barbarous Semira! thus to wake my guilty pity Rebel to my duty

AIR

ANDANTE

a mezza voce

Mandane

If o'er the cru=el ty= =rant Love, A

conquest I_ _ be=lev'd, The flat'ring er=ror cease to prove; Oh let me be de=

= ceiv'd O! let me be de ceiv'd O! let me be de=ceiv'd

For=

Artaxerxes

= bear to fan the gen = tle flame, Which love did first cre = = ate; What

was my pride is now my shame, And must be turn'd to hate Then

p

mf

call not to my wav'= ring mind the weakness of - - my heart; Which,

p

mf

ah! I feel too much - - inclin'd to take the Trai = = tor's part For =

1st

2d

part - - - - - to take - - the traitors part. trai tors trai tors part

mf *f*

Artaxerxes

Scene. The Council Chamber.

Artax:, Satraps, Guards, &c.

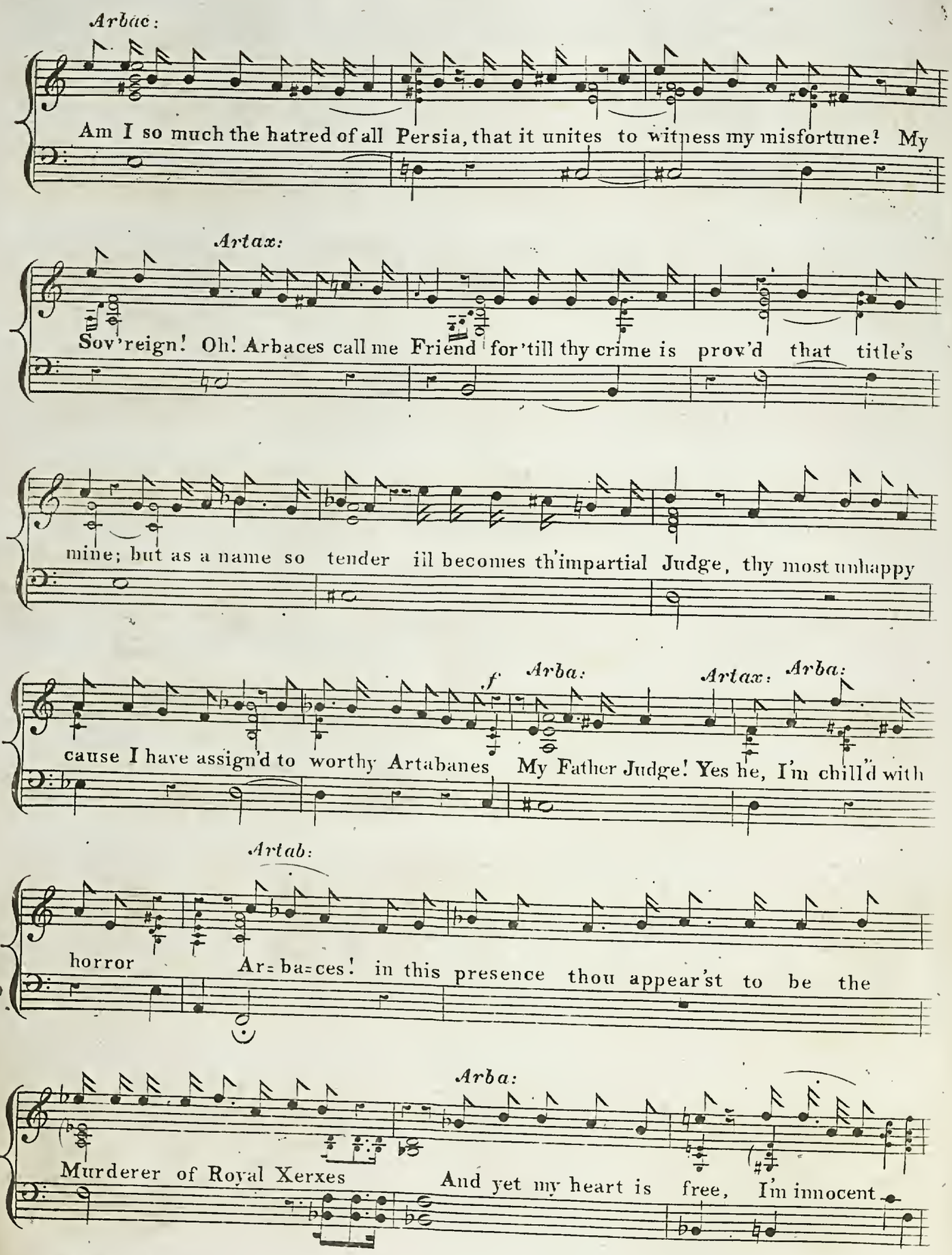
Artaxerxes

Ye solid Pillars of the Persian Empire! Behold me fated to sus= = tain the cares of my Paternal Throne And much I'm griev'd that my lov'd Father's death so heavy lies up= on my absent Friend; but since Ar= baces denies the accu= =sation, let the Father be the Sons Judge to cast him or ac= quit him in him is vested all our Regal power

Artab: Ent: Arb: in Chains

Ah! Sir, what Trial?

Artaxerxes


Arbac:
Am I so much the hatred of all Persia, that it unites to witness my misfortune? My
Artax:
Sov'reign! Oh! Arbaces call me Friend for 'till thy crime is prov'd that title's
mine; but as a name so tender ill becomes th'impartial Judge, thy most unhappy
f
Arba:
Artax:
Arba:
cause I have assign'd to worthy Artabanes My Father Judge! Yes he, I'm chill'd with
Artab:
horror Ar=ba=ces! in this presence thou appear'st to be the
Arba:
Murderer of Royal Xerxes And yet my heart is free, I'm innocent
Artaxerxes

Mand:

Arba:

Whether he plead or not he equally is guilty Cru= =el Man=

Mand:

Artab:

=da=ne! does thy voice con= demn me? Bear up my heart Your just re=

=sentment, Princess, spurs on my lazy virtue my Son I here condemn

Mand: *Artax:* *Artab:*

Arbaces dies Oh! Gods Suspend awhile the rash de= cree 'Tis sign'd my Liege

Mand: *Arba:*

I have fulfill'd my duty A= las! my tears betray me Weeps Man= dane in pity

Mand:

of my cruel des= tiny, Pleasure may start a tear as well as grief

Artaxerxes

Artab:

Now I have finish'd the stern Judges part per= mit oh King! the

feelings of a Father Pardon my Son th'ef= fect of tyrant duty

suffer with patience and remember this the worst of ev'ry evil is the

Arba:

fear Excuse the transports of my frantic grief shed all my blood 'tis

yours I'll not com = plain; but kiss the honor'd hand that sign'd my

Artab:

death Enough! a = rise! take one em= brace and part.

Artaxerxes

Mild as the Morn beams,

The Favorite QUARTETT,

Introduced at the Theatres Royal

Covent Garden and Drury Lane,

In the Serious Opera of

ARTAXERXES,

Composed by

J. BRAHAM.

Ent. Sta. Hall. Price

London, Printed by Goulding & D'Almaine, 20, Soho Square, & to be had of all Music Sellers in the United Kingdom.

LARGO

Arbaces

To death 'mid burn = ing

Piano Forte

p

Mand:

O heed my tears Oh listen to my sighs

Sem:

O heed my tears Oh listen to my sighs

Artax:

O heed my tears Oh listen to my sighs

sands Ar = ba = ces flies - - - - - - - - - To

Original Key E♭

2

death 'mid burn= =ing sands - - - - Ar= ba=ces Ar= =ba= =ces flies

Sem:

Oh heed my tears Oh listen to my sighs Oh heed my

Artax:

Oh heed my tears Oh listen to my sighs Oh heed my

Mand:

Oh heed my tears and sighs Oh listen to my

tears Oh listen to my sighs Oh listen to my

tears Oh listen to my listen to my sighs Oh

cres:

sighs Oh listen to my sighs Stay ah stay Ar= =ba= =ces stay.

sighs Oh listen to my sighs stay Ar= =ba= =ces stay.

listen to my sighs Ar= =ba= ces stay.

Arb:

to death I go No I can= not stay.

f

Artaxerxes

Arbaces
Allegretto

Mild as the moonbeams which on fountains trem = = ble And sad as

p

Mand.

Mild as the moon - beams

Sem.

Mild as the moon - beams

night = ingales mourn their young

which on fountains trem = = ble And sad as nightingales mourn their young

which on fountains trem = = ble And sad as nightingales mourn their young

Mild as the moon - beams which on fountains trem = ble And sad as

Mild as the moon - beams which on fountains trem = ble And sad as

Mild as the moon - beams which on fountains trem = ble And sad as

Mild as the moon - beams which on fountains trem = ble And sad as

f

Artaxerxes

Night=ingales mourn their young And sad as Nightingales

Night=ingales mourn their young And

Night=ingales mourn their young

Nightingales mourn their young

loco *p*

And sad as Nightingales and sad as Nightingales mourn their young and sad as 1st

sad _ _ _ _ _ and sad as Nightingales mourn their young

And sad as Nightingales

And sad and sad as Nightingales mourn their young 1st

2d

young they mourn their young they mourn their young _ _ _

young they mourn their young they mourn their young _ _ _ _

young they mourn their young

2d

Mild as the moon-beams which on fountains

Mild as the

Mild as the

trem = = ble And sad as Nightin-gales mourn their young

moon-beams which on fountains trem = = ble And sad as Night-ingales mourn their

moon-beams which on fountains trem = = ble And sad as Night-ingales mourn their

young Mild as the moon - beams which on fountains trem = = ble And

young Mild as the moon - beams which on fountains trem = = ble And

Mild as the moon - beams which on fountains trem = = ble And

Mild as the moon - beams which on fountains trem = = ble And

f

sad as Nightingales mourn their young mourn - - - - - - - - their

sad as Nightingales mourn their young mourn - - - - - - - - their

sad as Nightingales mourn their young mourn - - - - - - - - their

sad as Nightingales mourn their young mourn - - - - - - - - their

f

young mourn - - - - - - - - - their young.

young mourn - - - - - - - - - their young.

young mourn - - - - - - - - - their young.

young mourn - - - - - - - - - their young.

p

Artaxerxes.

Mand:

Artab:

Ah! me at poor Arbaces parting I feel the stroke of death I hope Mandane's

Mand:

wrath will now subside since at the price of my pa = ternal love I've sated her revenge. Savage no

more! avoid my presence dare not view the light of sun or stars but hide thy cruel head with =

Artab:

Mand:

= in the deepest bowels of the earth Is then my virtue Silence inhuman

Artab:

Mand:

Did not Mandanes rage excite my justice The Daughter ought to

f

vindicate the Father but thou a Father shouldst have sav'd thy Son

Monster! away!

AIR,

in the Serious Opera

OF

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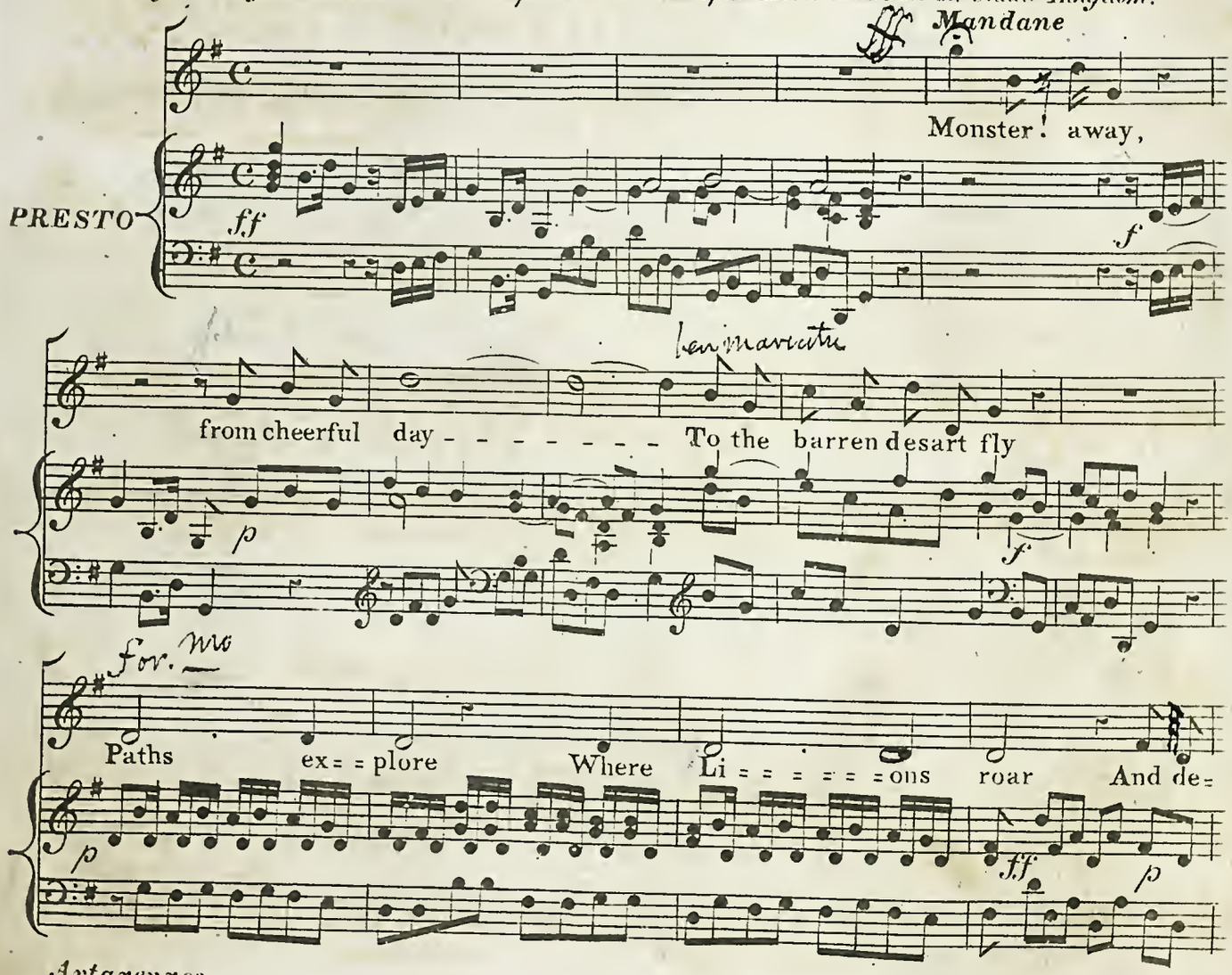

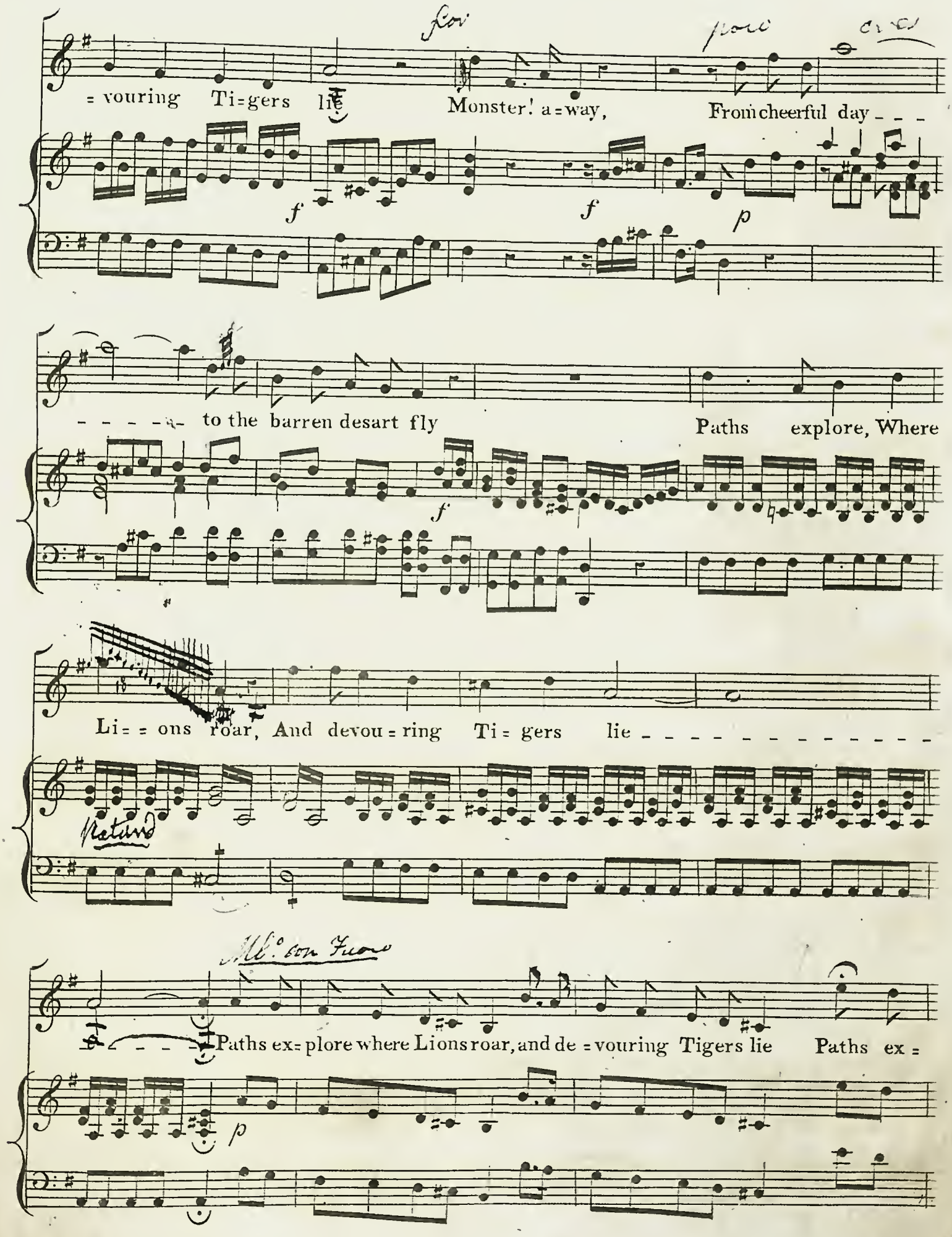
for
poco
cres
= vouring Ti=gers lie Monster! a=way, From cheerful day - - -
f
f
p
- - - - - to the barren desart fly Paths explore, Where
f
Li= = ons roar, And devou=ring Ti=gers lie - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Rotand
Mlo. con Fuoco
- - - - Paths ex=plore where Lions roar, and de=vouring Tigers lie Paths ex=
p

= plore where Lions roar, and de=vouring Tigers lie Fly! fly where de=vouring Tigers lie

cres: *f* *p* *cres:*

Fly! fly where de=vouring Tigers lie - - - - - - - - where de=vouring Tigers lie Fly

f *p* *p* *f*

fly - fly fly where de=vouring Tigers lie

ff

Tho' for food they wade in blood; All, to save their young agree:

p *f*

All, to save their young, agree All, all to save their young, a=gree

p

All, to save their young - - - - - a= = gree. Monster! away

f *f*

from cheerful day - - - - - - To the barren desart fly Fly! fly!

p

p cres: *f*

Paths ex= = plore where Li= = = = = ons roar And de=

p *cres:* *f* *ff* *p*

= vouring Ti = gers lie Paths ex = plore where Lions roar

8va

And de = vou = ring Ti = = gers lie Ev' = = ry creature fierce by nature

Harmless is com = par'd to thee Ev' = = ry creature fierce by nature

Harmless is com = par'd to thee com = par'd to thee com = par'd ~~to thee~~ to thee

Artaxerxes

Scene A Prison

Enter *Artax:* then *Arbaces* from his Cell

Artax: *Arb:* *Artax:*

Ar = baces! Gracious Heav'n! What's this I see Pi = ty and

Arb: *Artax:*

Friendship brought me here, to save thee To save me! Yes, that secret passage leads to life &

Arb:

liberty then quickly fly remember Artax=erxes & be happy Your pardon Sir the

world esteems me guilty then let me die your honor Sir re= quires it For

oh! thus exil'd I should only fly restless to tread the paths of misery.

Water parted from the Sea,

AIR,

In the Serious Opera of

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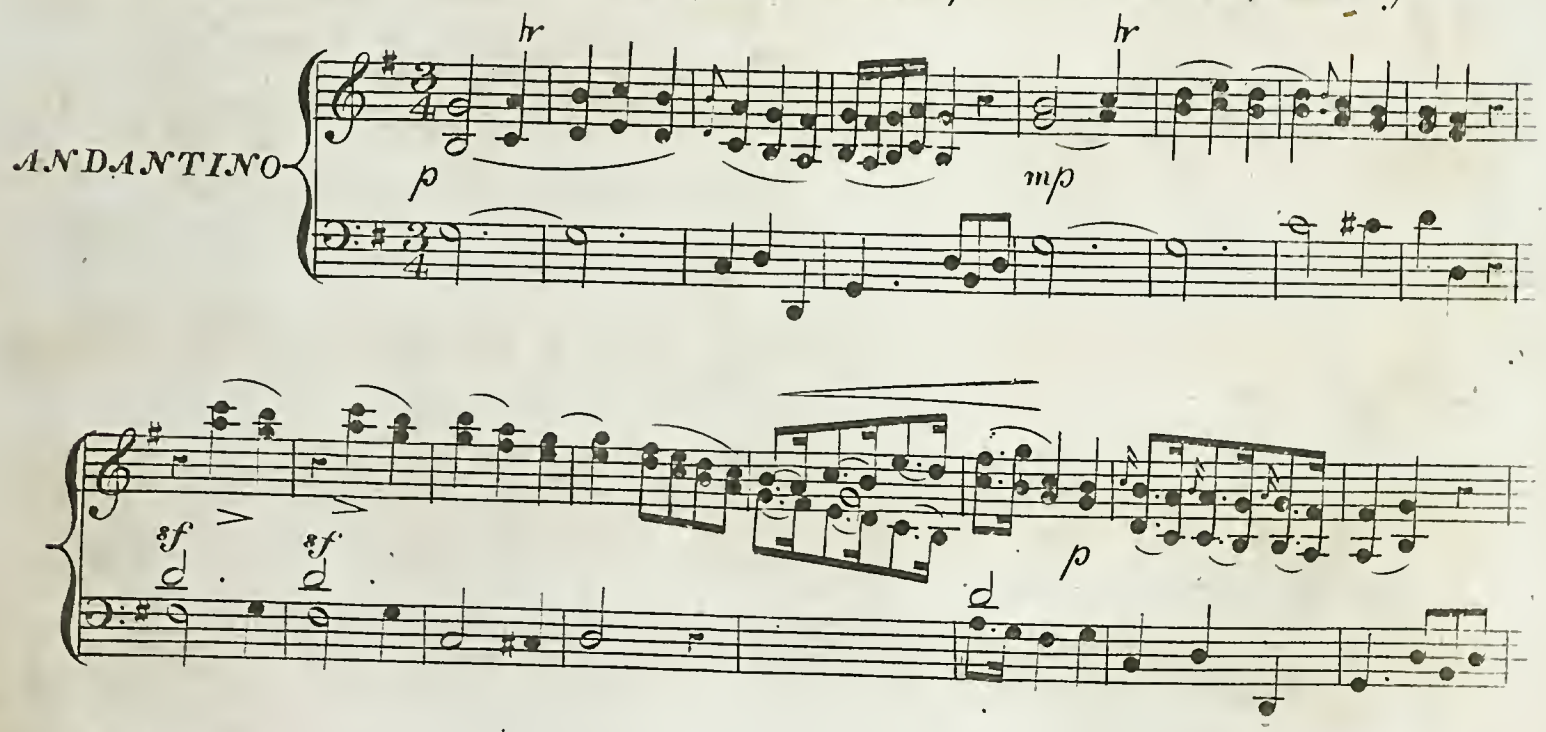

Arbaces

Wa = ter par = ted from the sea May in = crease the ri = = = vers tide

To the bub = ling fount may flee - - - Or thro' fer = = tile val = = leys glide

hr *p* *f*

sf *sf* *f* *dim:* *sf* *p*

Tho' in search of lost re = pose Thro' the land 'tis free to roam

p *fp* *fp* *mf*

Artaxerxes

Still it mur = murs as it flows, Pan = = ting for its na = = = tive

home Tho' in search of lost re = pose Thro' the land 'tis

free to roam, Still it mur = = murs as it flows Pan = = ting

for its na = = = = tive home

p cres:

Scene Mandane's Apartment

Mandane.

Perhaps the King rele as'd Arbaces

Semira

No rather des=troy'd him 'tis known to

Mand:

all in secret he re = sign'd his wretched breath Oh hapless youth! oh tidings worse than death

Sem:

I hope your vengeance now is satisfied or would you other victims speak!

Mand:

I cannot, light cares are ever

Sem:

soften'd by complaint but such as mine arrest the pow'r of speech Ne'er liv'd a soul more lost to sense of

Mand:

pity all eyes in Persia wait his hapless fate but yours are dry You think me cruel

and denounce revenge ah! how have I deserv'd your en = mi = ty

Let not Rage, thy bosom firing.

AIR.

in the Serious Opera of

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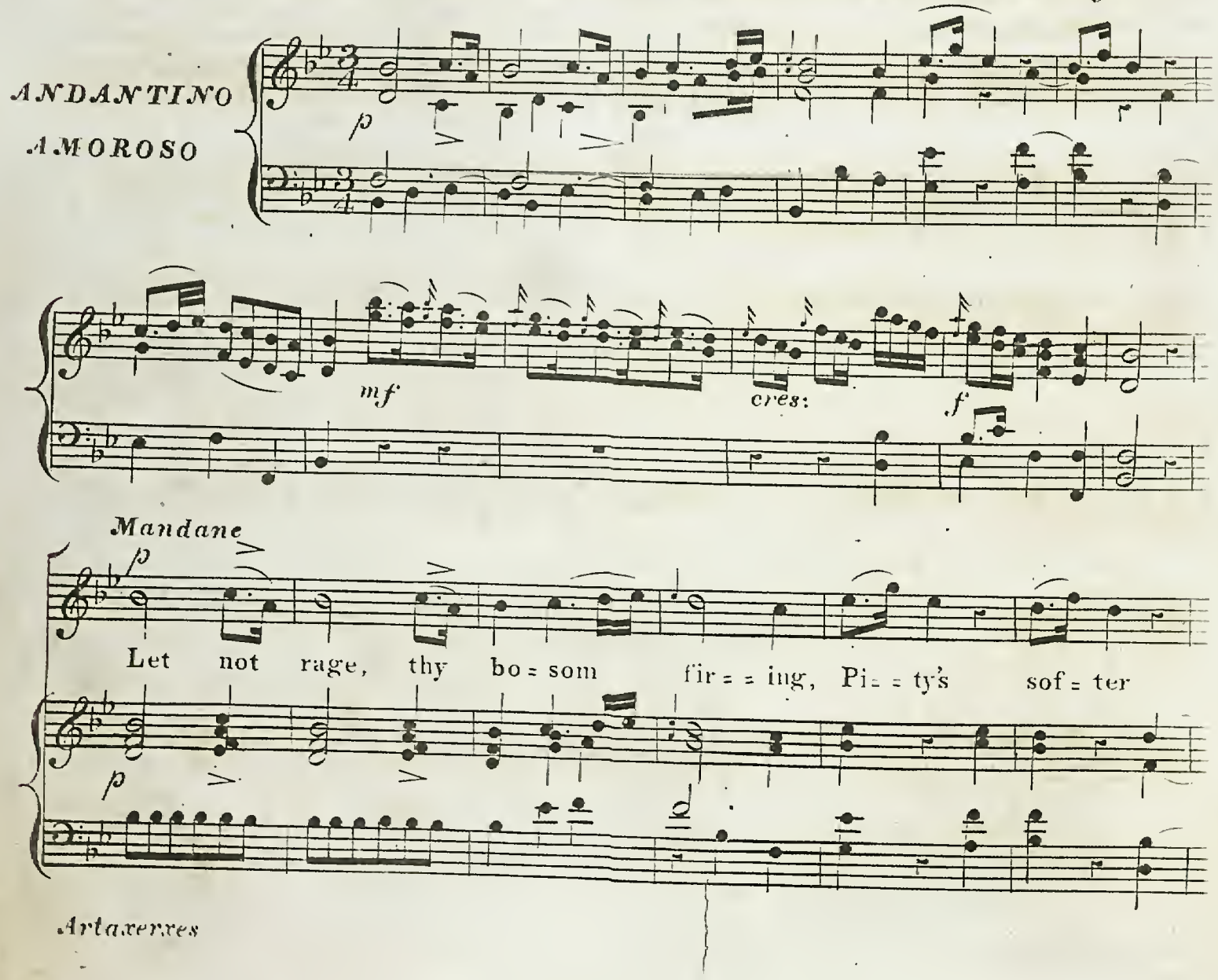

claim re = move, Spare a heart that's just ex= = = pi= = ring, Forc'd by

mf *p*

du = ty, rack'd by love.

f

Each un = gen = = tle thought sus = pending. Judge of mine by thy soft

p

breast, Nor with ran = cour ne = ver ending, heap fresh sorrows

on th'op = press'd. Let not rage thy bo=som fir = = ing Pi = ty's

mf *p*

sof= ter claim re= = move spare a heart that's just ex= = = pi= = ring

Forc'd by du= ty rack'd by love,

Heav'n that ev'= ry joy has crost Ne'er my wret= = ched

state can mend I, a= = las! at once have lost Father,

Brother, Lo= = ver, Friend. Father, Brother, Lo= = = ver, Friend.

Let not rage thy bo = som fir = = ing Pi = ty's sof = ter claim re =

= move, Spare a heart that's just ex = = = pi = = ring Forc'd by du = = ty,

rack'd by love rack'd by love rack'd by love - - - - - - - -

- - - - - - - - - - by love.

cres: il f

Enter Arbaces

Arbaces

Oh heav'nly pow'rs behold her there my spirits fail me yet I'll speak Man=

Mand:

= da=ne! Ye Pow'rs! Ar = baces! and at liberty! A friendly hand unlock'd my cruel fetters

Arba:

Mand:

Ah fly! be=gone! How can I fly for ever from such beauty! Perfidious Traitor what wouldst thou with

Arba:

Mand:

me! Am I no longer dear to my Man=dane! Thou art become the object of my hate Barbarous

Arb:

Mand:

Maid! my death shall end thy scorn I fly to meet my fate Adieu! for ever Hear me! Ar=

Arb:

Mand:

= baces! Ha! what torture more! I cannot speak Oh Gods! fly save thyself What means my

Arb:

Mand:

Princess! this returning pity Does not arise from love but fly and live

For thee, I live, my dearest!

DUET,

In the Serious Opera

of

ARTAXERXES,

Composed by

DR ARNE.

Arranged with an Accompaniment for the

Pianoforte BY J. Addison

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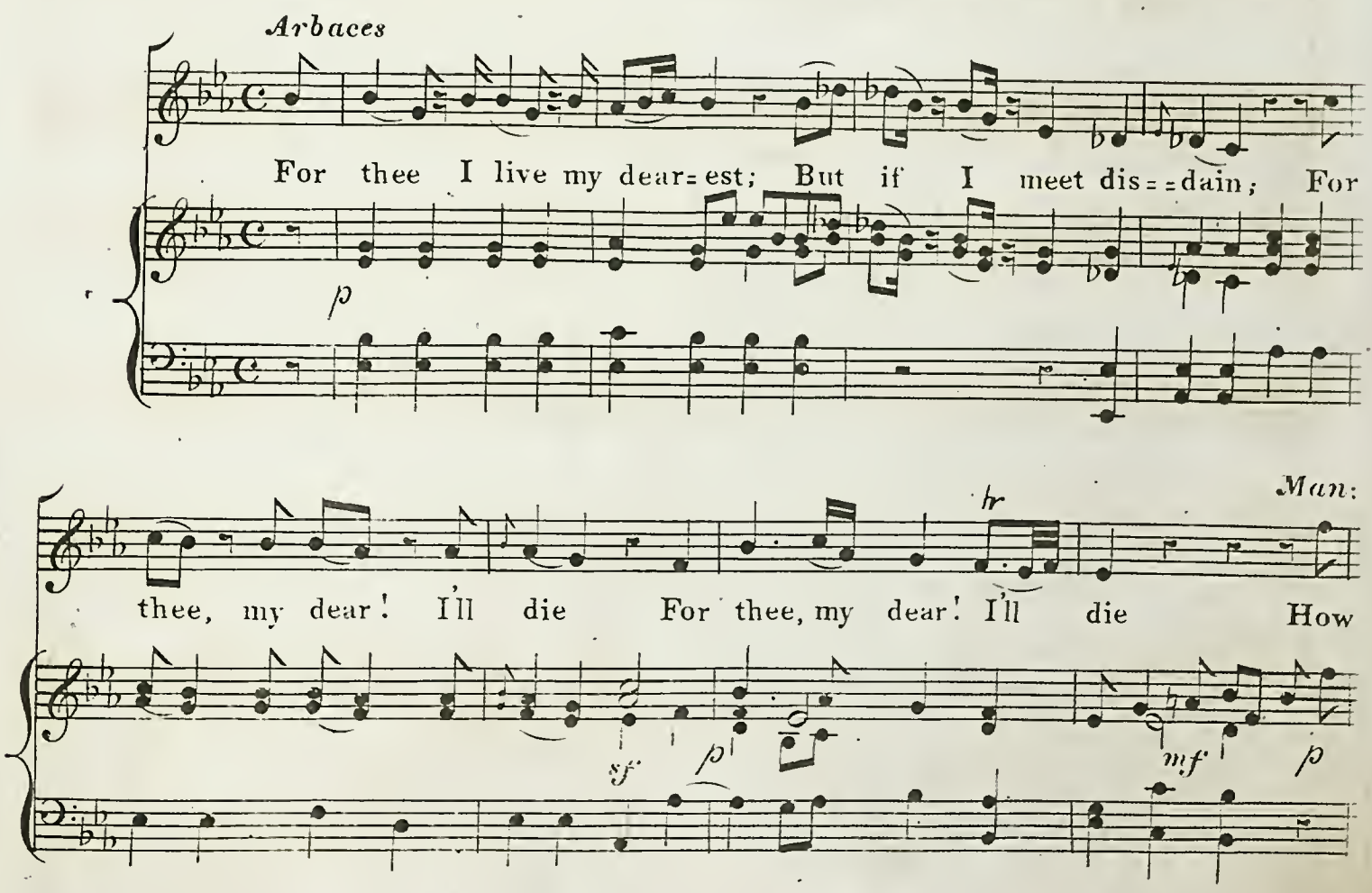


Artaxerxes

love=ly thou ap=pearest My blushes will ex=plain, I can no more re=

=ply I can no more re=ply. No! No!

Then hear me! O hear me! Thou

sf *p* *mf* *p*

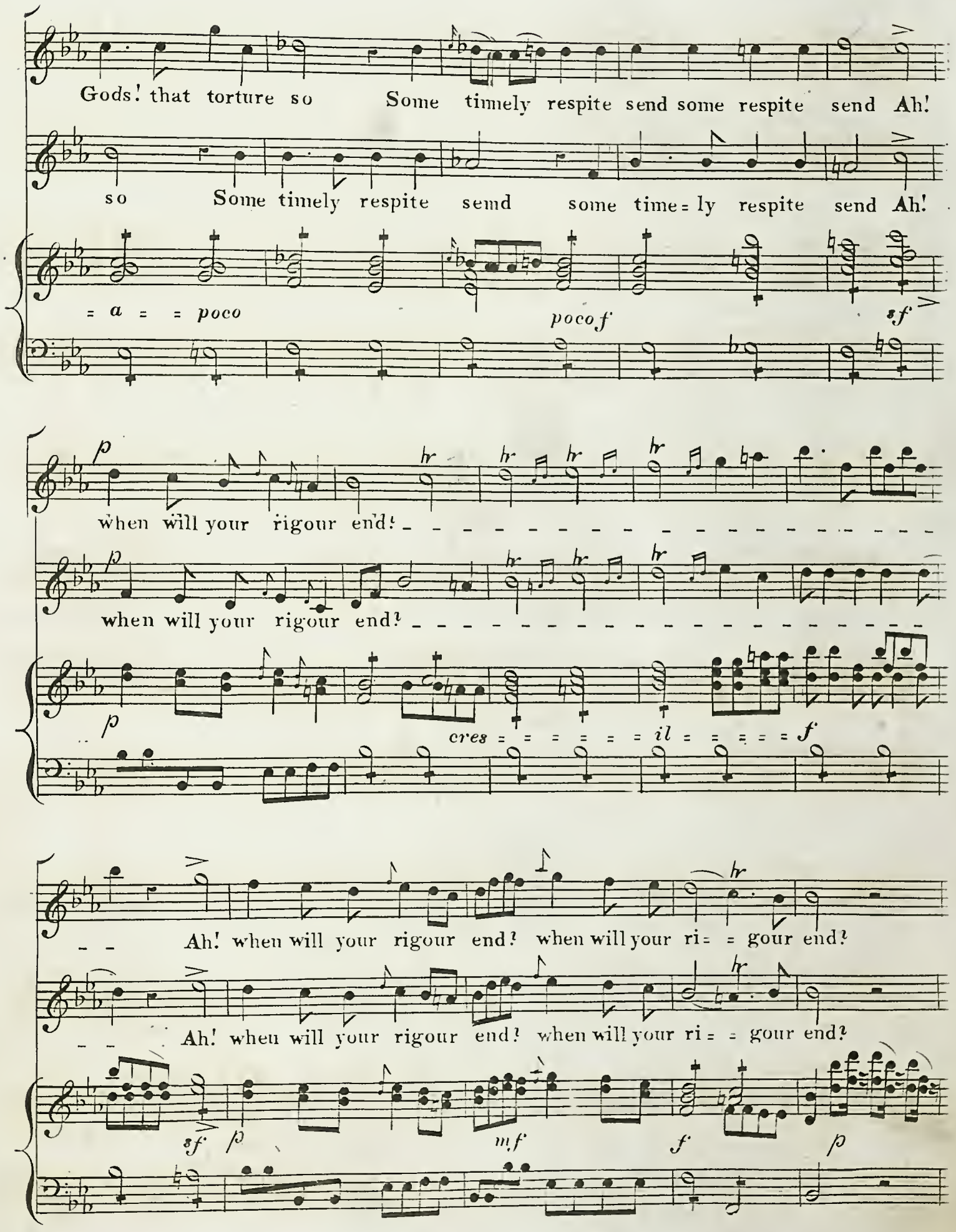
...divide not thus my heart. Leave me! in pi=ty go Ye

art ...

dol: Ye Gods! that torture

sf *p* *p* *cres:= a = poco =*

colla voce a tempo


Gods! that torture so Some timely respite send some respite send Ah!
so Some timely respite semd some time=ly respite send Ah!

when will your rigour end! -

when will your rigour end? -

- - Ah! when will your rigour end? when will your ri= = gour end?
- - Ah! when will your rigour end? when will your ri= = gour end?

sf *p*

Arb:

For thee I live, my dear = est! But

f *p*

Mand:

hr

if I meet dis = dain, For thee, my dear, I'll die. How love = ly thou ap=

sf

= pearest, My blushes will ex = = plain. my blushes will ex = plain,

hr

Then

sf

a piacere

No! No! divide not thus my heart, Leave me! in pity

hear me! oh hear me! Thou art -

f *p colla voce*

go Ye Gods! that torture so some timely respite send some

Ye Gods! that torture so some timely respite

a tempo

mf *p* *cres:* = = *a* = *poco* = *a* = = *poco*

timely respite send Ah! when will your rigour end? Ah! when will your ri=gour end? - -

p *p* *hr* *hr*

timely respite send Ah! when will your rigour end? Ah! when will your ri=gour end? - -

sf *sf* *p* *sf* *p* *cres:*

a poco a poco

sf p sf p mf

Ah! when when will your ri = = = = = gour end?

Ah! - - when - - will your ri = = = = = gour end?

rf

f p f

dim: pp

Scene A Temple and Throne with the Sun and lighted Altar Artax:, Artab:, Priests & Nobles assem^d

Artax:

To you my People much be=lov'd I offer myself not less a Father than a King

Your native rights, your customs, and your laws with zealous care I ever will main=

Artab:

=tain, and raise up treasure in my Peoples hearts Here is the sacred cup, Your

(aside)

solemn oath must bind the lasting tie fulfill th'accustom'd rites, and drink thy death.

Artax:

Resplendant Gods! by whom sweet April blooms thou genial beam! that warms us & enlightens

look awful down, and if my treach'rous lips have utter'd falsehood may this wholesome draught change as it

Enter Semira hastily.

Sem:

passes into deadly Poison Fly! quick my Liege thousands of rebel troops surround the

3

Artax: *Artab*

Palace by false Rimenes led your life is plotted, and your Guard cor=rupted Oh Gods! What

Artax:

fear you Sir my single presence shall quell this tumult and pro=tect my King: away, away my friend to

enter Mandane

~~*Mand:*~~

Artax:

victory or death. Hold! Brother, the rebellious crew are fled. Say how Man=da=ne!

Artaxerxes

Led by false Ri=me=nes, they forc'd the gates and enter'd When Ar=ba=ces de=

=parting to eternal banishment his single breast opposed, and swore to die in his great Master's

cause, All dropp'd their arms except that daring Rebel at their head; On him Ar=ba=ces

Artax:

like a Lion flew, struck thro' his Helmet, slew him, and revenge[illegible] Where's my Pre=

= server? bring him to my arms He murder Xerxes! impious suppo=sition.

Mand:

Valour sup=press'd, now springs again to Glory *f*.

again

to glory

Artaxerxes

The Soldier tir'd of Wars alarms,

Sung by MANDANE,

in the Serious Opera of

ARTAXERXES,

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Dr. ARNE,

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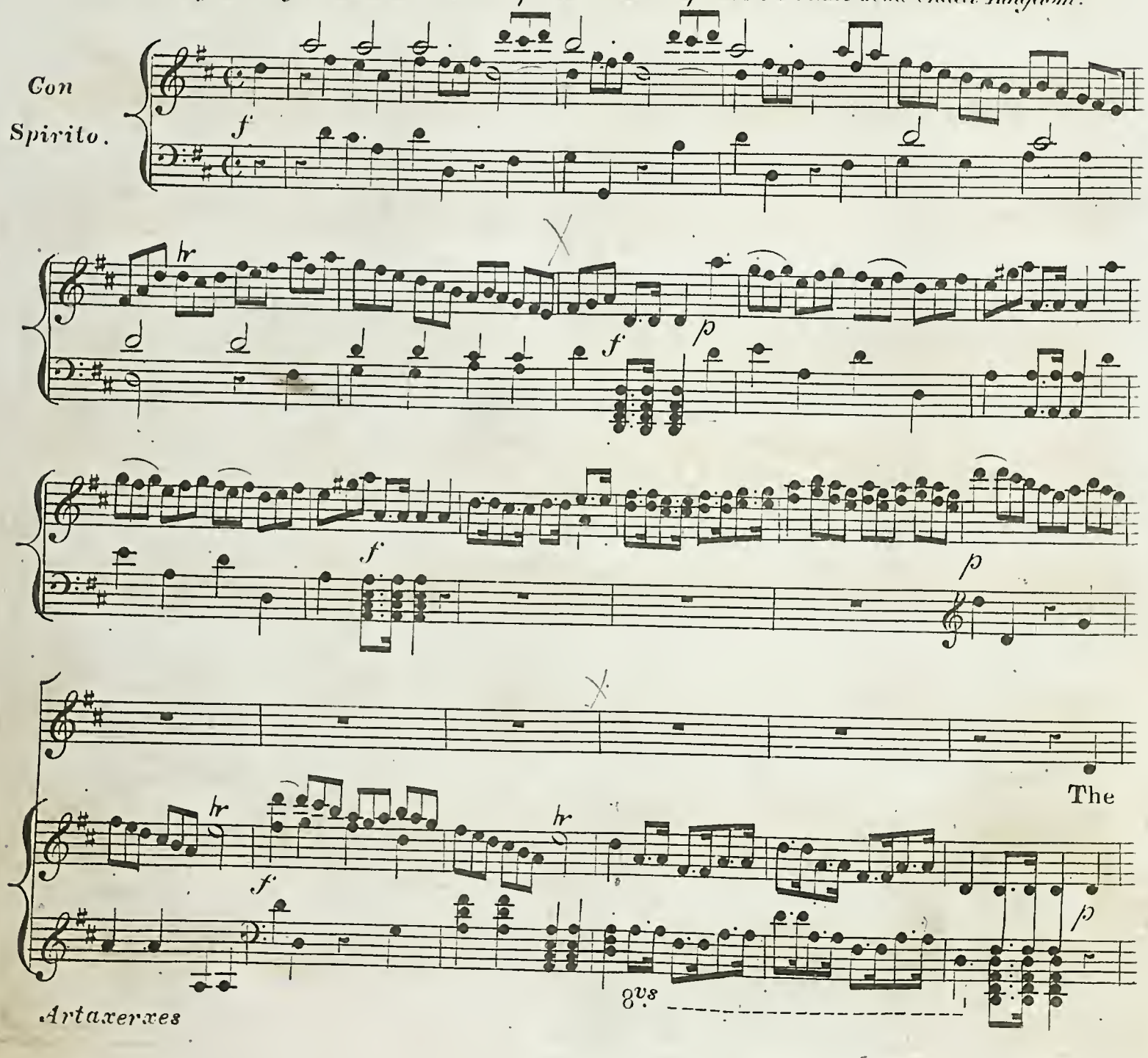
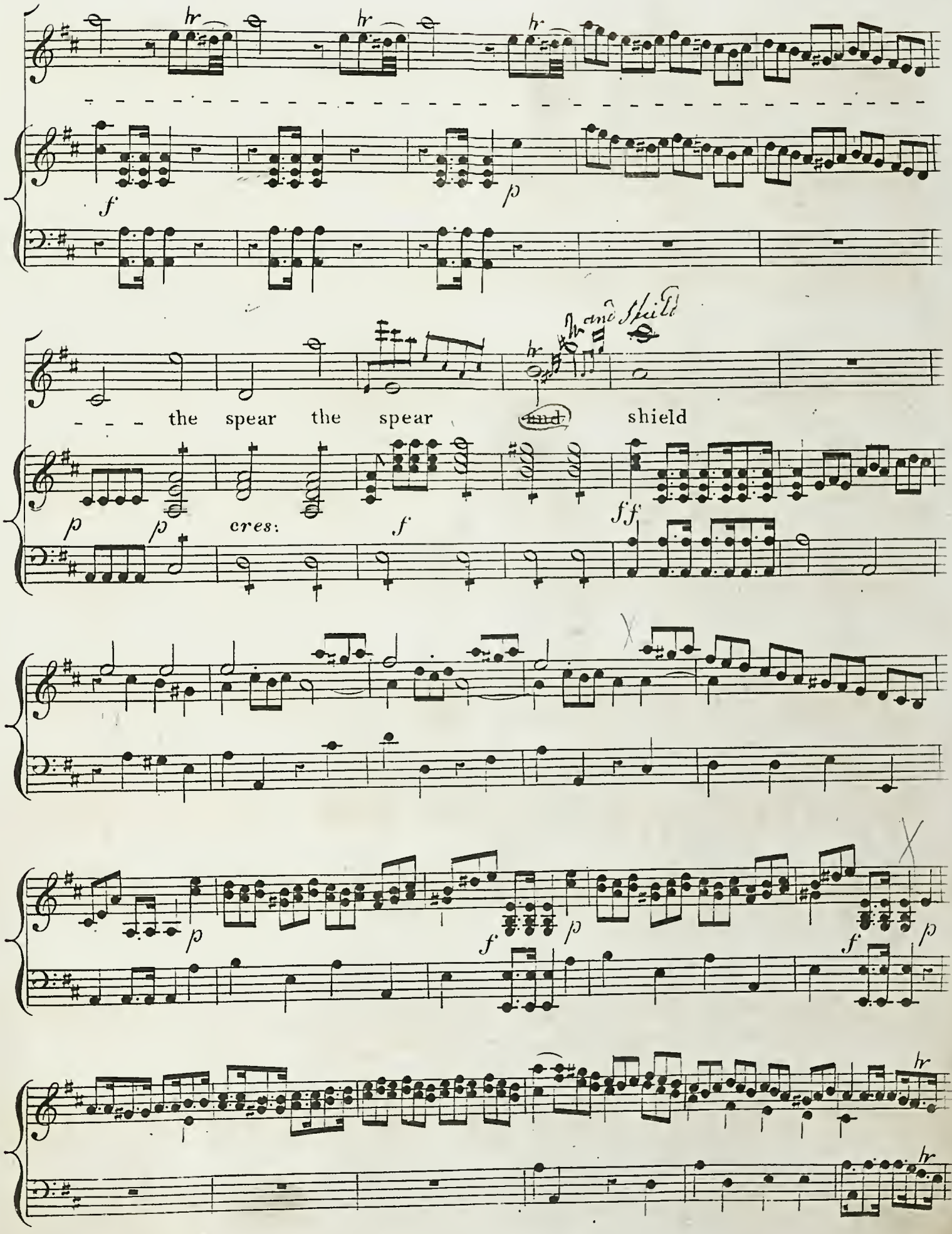


Sol = = dier tir'd - - -

= larms For=swears the clang of hos= = tile arms, And scorns - - - - -

- - - - -


the spear the spear and shield
and Shield
cres:

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a=gain a==gain the field.

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Artaxerxes

a gain a gain the field

Arbaces

Behold! my King! Arbaces at thy feet

Artax:

Oh! still my Friend! come to my grateful

Mand:

arms Yet that my Brother may with better grace re=ward this deed, and sa=tis=fy the

People some reason give us for the bloody sword, thy tim'rous flight, and all that wak'd sus=

Arb:

=picion If deeds, not words, proclaim a loyal heart, per=mit me to be silent I am

Artax:

in=no=cent Confirm it with a solemn imprecation and of the truth, as Persia's Laws pre=

Arb:

Artab:

=scribe that vessel drain'd shall be the sacred pledge I am prepar'd Oh! cruel Gods

Arb:

if my son drinks, he dies Resplendant God! by whom sweet A = pril blooms

Artab: *Arb:*

Thou genial beam that warms us and enlightens Oh! wretched Father If my treach'rous

Artab:

lips have utter'd falsehood may this wholesome draught change as it passes Hold! 'tis Poison

Artax: *Artab:*

What fury urg'd thee to so vile a deed? A=way dis = guise the draught was meant for

thee but my paternal fondness has betray'd me I murder'd Xerxes and to gain the

Artax: *Arb:* *Artax.*

throne would have destroy'd thee too Wretch thou shalt die, Then I disdain to live. Man=

Artaxerxes

= da=ne shall reward thy spotless virtue; and thy fair Sister Shall par= take our Throne

Arb:

but for that Traitor I will die for him my blood is his and shall a = tone his crime Thy

Artax:

loyalty and virtue, injur'd youth shall change his sentence into banishment make no re =

Mand:

= ply his exile is for life Sure Heav'n inspir'd the merciful de= cree Ar=ba=ces and Se =

= mi=ra must approve it tho' for his crimes the Father justly suffers his life is spar'd that

you his guiltless children may not be ever wretched in his death.

Artaxerxes

GRAND FINALE

To the Serious Opera of

ARTAXERXES,

as performed at the Theatres Royal,

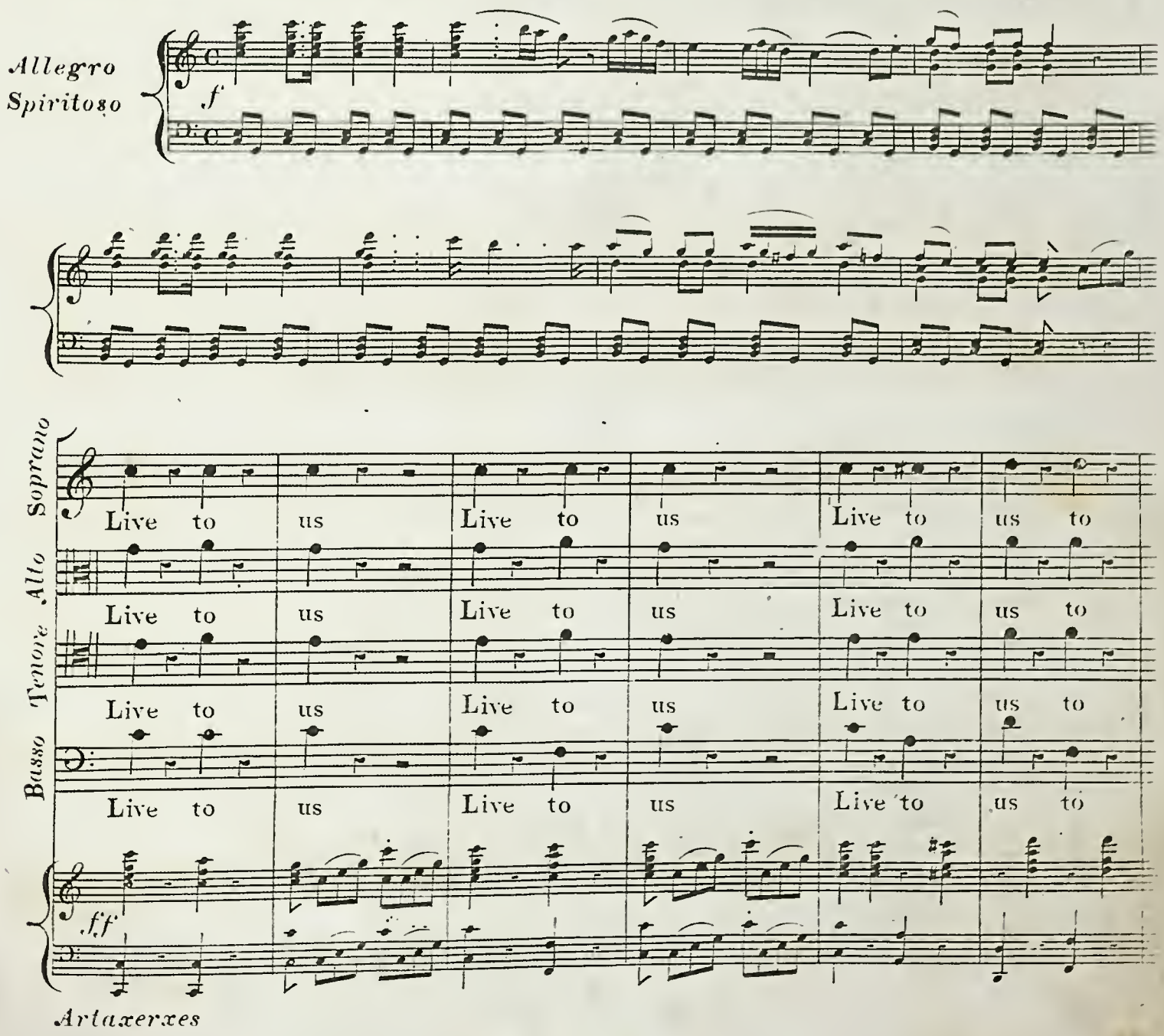
Covent Garden & Drury Lane,

Composed by

HENRY R. BISHOP,

Ent. Sta. Hall. Price

London. Printed by Goulding & D'Almaine, 20, Soho Square, & to be had of all Music Sellers in the United Kingdom.



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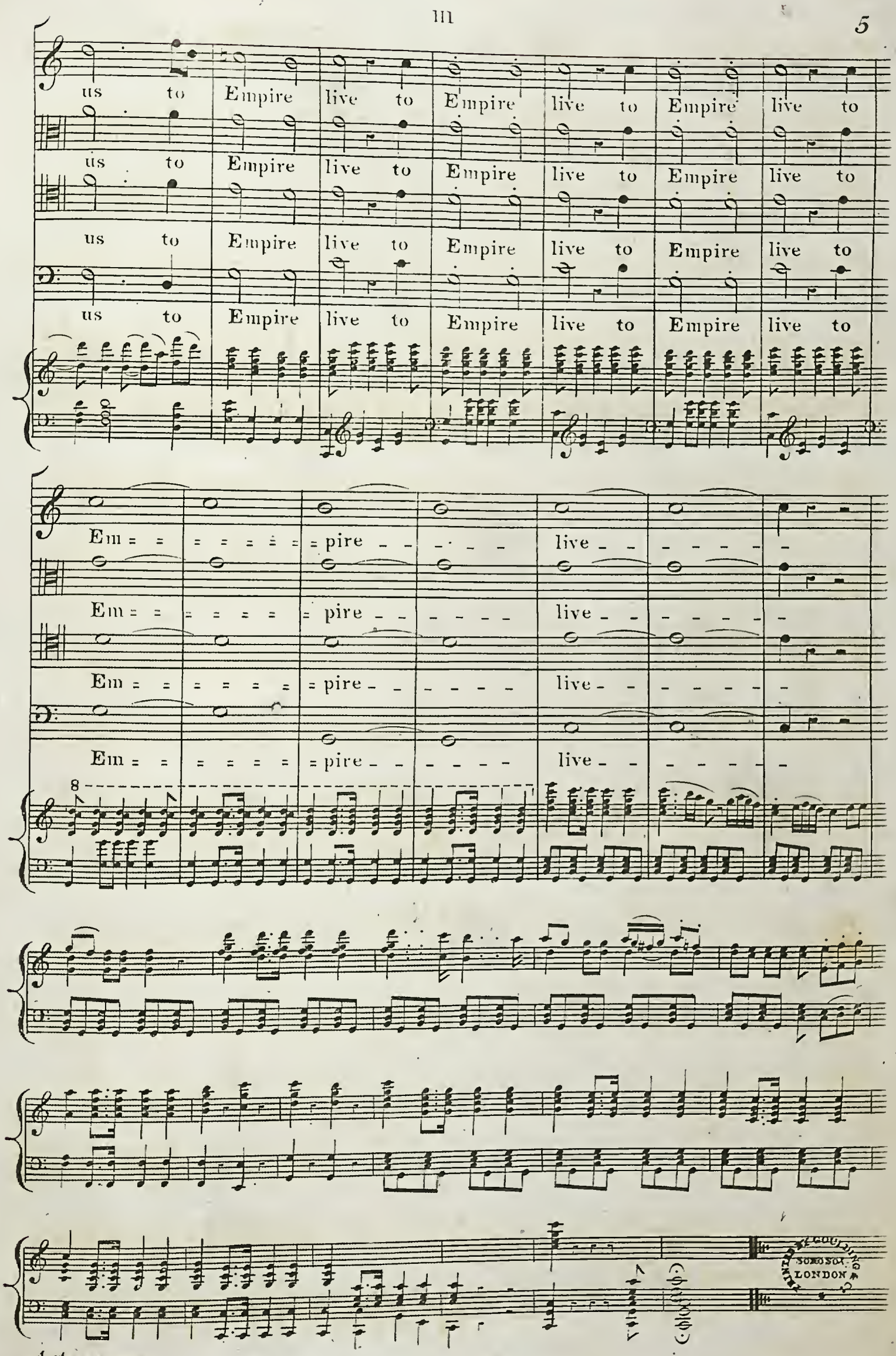
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